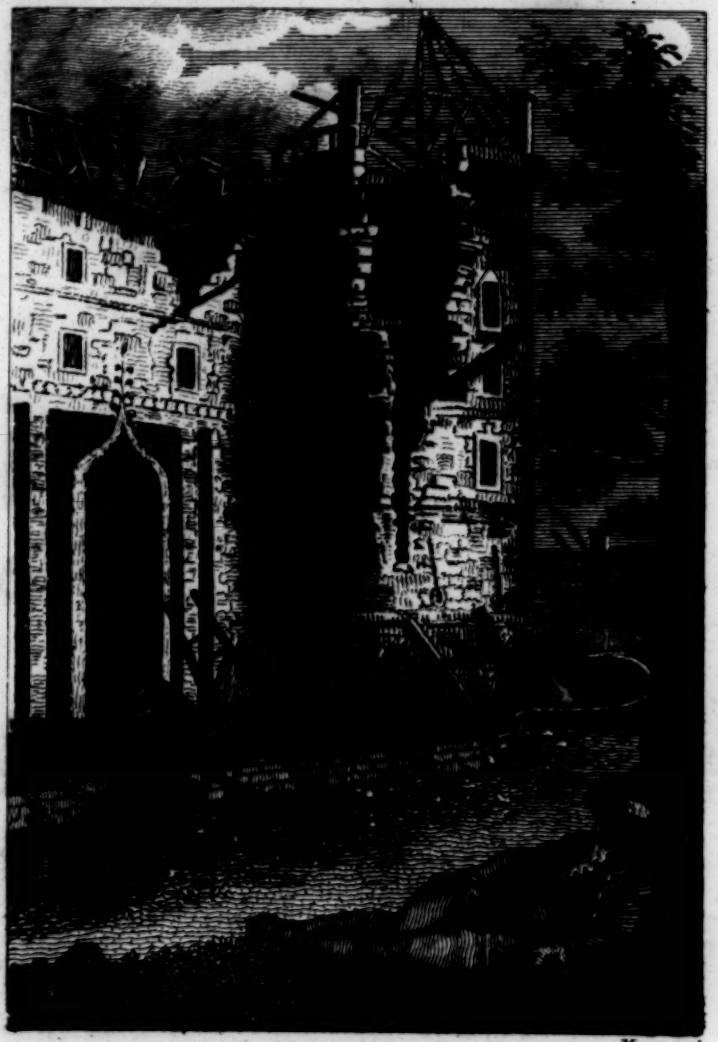

Murray, sculp.

What was my astonishment on opening my eyes, to find myself near some ruins.

V. Page 35.

722.c.66

SENTIMENTAL TABLETS

OF THE

GOOD PAMPHILE,

WRITTEN IN THE MONTHS OF AUGUST SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, AND NOVEMBER, 1789,

BY M. GORJY.

Translated from the French,

BY *P. S. DUPUY,*

OF THE EAST-INDIA HOUSE.

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MDCCXCV.

[*Price* 3*s. sewed.*]

THE
TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THE Translator conceives he need make no apology for his selection of the work ensuing. The beauties of his original speak for themselves. Whether he has been successful in transplanting them into the English tongue, is not for him to determine. On the candor of his friends, he fears, he must rely at last for much indulgence.

Those, who are in the practice of translating, alone know its difficulties.

To catch the spirit of an original work, without degenerating into a minute and frigid copyist of words and phrases; to retain an author's meaning, and reject his

literal expression, where the genius of language requires it; in a word, to observe that just medium betwixt servility and licentiousness, which many speak of, few understand;—these are no easy tasks for a man who is conscious of the duty he owes the public.

An accurate knowledge of both languages, a nice discrimination of the differences between their respective idioms, are among his first and foremost requisites. Let there be added to these a love of his author, a desire to do him justice, and a zeal that shrinks not from labour.

When all is done, much will be wanting, if the translator possess not, in some degree, congenial talents with his author.

Graces there are in every language, that admit not of translation; modes of phrase-

ology, that no art can mould to its purpose; peculiarities of idiom, that, like sulky foreigners, refuse to be naturalized in another soil. In such cases, it is not enough that a Translator commit to paper the first word his dictionary (oftentimes a vile exponent of meanings) offers him;—it is expected that he substitute some word or phrase of like import, some expression aptly chosen, and of like felicity *.

Aware of these difficulties, it was not without great diffidence, that the translator undertook the task; but the generous encour-

* It has been recommended for a translator, calmly to consider, in what manner his author would have expressed himself, had he written in his (the translator's) language. An expedient which, as COWPER well observes, wants only practicability. See Preface to the translation of HOMER—a work which affords a living, singular, and brilliant exception to his own assertion. But in COWPER's steps who shall tread?

agement of his friends, has made him pursue it with confidence. He has done his best endeavors to give a faithful version of his author; and, if he has failed, it has not been through want of care or inclination.

If, by those friends and by the public, this, his first effort shall be deemed successful, it is his intention to publish, in a similar manner, the remaining works of M. GORJY. Should, however, their approbation be withholden, he will give his promise, in the language of the chidden school-boy, "TO DO SO NO MORE."

SENTIMENTAL TABLETS

OF THE

GOOD PAMPHILE.

"I CAN endure it no longer. Such a spirit of party every where! such exaltation of ideas! such despotism in opinion!.....no moderation allowed. Whig or Tory you must be, (according to the company you are in) and that to a degree of fanaticism; and should you dare hint the smallest blemish in the system they support, or the least good in the one they oppose, you run the hazard of awakening all the passions against you."

"Life is too difficult to support on such terms, for a man who convinced that ERROR is too frequently blended with TRUTH, has acquired an habit of moderation.....It is so soft! so complacent an habit! we never renounce it when once we know its charm.

I had better withdraw myself awhile, till the disordered pendulum of state assumes a regular motion....."

These were my thoughts on coming out of a house in which had hitherto presided that amiable and true politeness, whose first rule is indulgence, and where I now found such an infatuation! such obstinacy! a forgetfulness of all decorum!.....even the women!.....

" Above all, how did you surprize me, charming FARVILLE, whose beauty became more engaging, from that air of sweetness impressed on all your features! that winning smile, that softened look, the rosy tint which on the least emotion suffused itself over your cheeks, the modest demeanor,.....spite of morality, one could not help envying your husband; he were now to be pitied, should that party spirit continue to produce in you the effects I was witness to.....harsh and angry tones, the muscles contracted, cheeks reddening with wrath, passion in every gesture,.....in

a word, metamorphized from the nymph we sought, to a fury we should shun.

II.

" I had better then, said I, withdraw myself a while. I had not fixed on any plan, when I was accosted by SURVAL with a pamphlet in his hand. " Ah, Mr. Moderate" said he " for this once you must be on our side without reserve, here is a work that will give a death blow to the Tories."

He had scarce put the book into my hand, when we perceived hastening towards us, the fiery BELLEROCHE? " *Parbleu*" he cried, from as far off as he could be heard, " I am " heartily glad to meet with you; we shall " now see whether your conciliating mania " will hold against this (it was another " pamphlet) impossible for the Whigs ever " to get over it. They are now pulverized, " annihilated..... .but what book have you got " there? In truth," said I " I scarce know " yet, but what with this book and your book,

" alas for the poor nation! for both promise " the same end by opposite means——Hea- " vens!" exclaimed he, casting his eyes on the title, " beware how you read that inflam- " matory and poisonous rhapsody——Doubt- " less," said SURVAL, " Monsieur speaks of " the one he has been hawking about——None " but a fool, or an enemy to his country, replied BELLEROCHE, " would suffer the one " to be mistaken for the other."

A parley like this, could only end in a challenge, and thus in fact it did end; they agreed to meet next day in the Bois de B—— armed with pistols: in vain did I say every thing to dissuade them; my attempts had nearly brought them both upon me; to their violent rage against each other, I was alone indebted for my safety.

After such an adventure I could no longer hesitate on my project, and I determined to effect it.

III.

I had some people to see before my departure: what was my astonishment on finding all the world informed of the quarrel, and proposing to assist at the combat! Men, women, were every where making preparations as for a fête.

The following (among others) is a billet, at the receipt of which I was present.

" *Doubtless,* MA CHERE BELLE, *you have*
" *heard that* SURVAL *and* BELLEROCHE, *are*
" *to have a meeting to morrow; the whole*
" *town will be there! if your whisky is not*
" *yet returned, I will give you a place in*
" *mine; we can even take* LOLOTTE *on our*
" *knees, if agreeable.*"

The whole billet was of a style for me to revolt at; but this last proposal.....A young girl between twelve and thirteen years of age!.....*Eh, bien!* she accepted it with eagerness!.....she even took great pains to learn

whether BELLEROCHE was really as skilful as he was said to be; and could scarce contain her joy, when she was told, he was sure to hit a half crown.

At an age, stranger to the passions! of a sex, whose first charm is sensibility, to make a diversion of such a spectacle!....It is enough; I will be gone immediately. Neither business nor duty shall detain me longer: this instant, this very instant will I set off; I can never depart too soon from a place where this vile party-spirit has so warped the natural feelings.

IV.

But where direct my steps? In times less turbulent, I went about careless whither; chance led me at will; for the simplicity of my desires promised me enjoyments every where, while the simplicity of my manners obtained me every where a kind reception.

But now, that every mind is agitated, there is

no abandoning one'self thus to chance. There must be a fixed purpose.

I had already advanced far into the country, without having settled what course to take, when the recollection of the good old MATHIEU put an end to my irresolution.

V.

In a ramble some years ago, chance led me to one of the prettiest valleys I had ever seen.

Thick, and lofty woods covered the hills in the midst of which it lay, and served as a kind of frame to the picture; the space adjoining was partly spread over with furze and broom, and partly scattered with rocks, whose appearance was rendered more picturesque from the small intervals, where the vegetation afforded a pleasing contrast in the scene; here was a clump of fifteen or twenty vines, there a group of three or four fruit trees; in one place a small plantation of potatoes,

maize, or some such useful plant, in another might be seen the black soil newly thrown up.

This variety, agreeable in itself, became still more so, when you noticed that there was not a single spot fit for cultivation, how small soever, but what was laid out to the best advantage.

The valley at bottom, which consisted of a few acres only, was meadow-ground, through which a rivulet took its way, whose banks were furnished with osiers. A thatched roof that peeped through the trees; the little clouds of smoke, that rose above them, mingling in the verdure of the branches;.....a goat feeding in a thicket,.....finished this interesting landscape, the whole of which presented the reality of those retreats, which the imagination delights to paint as the abodes of peace and happiness.

The objects in perspective afforded a pleasing relief to the eye.

A far off might be seen a town enveloped in that mist, which the too great assemblage of habitations never fails to produce.

At a less distance arose one of those superb edifices, whose imposing aspect commands admiration, sometimes inspires curiosity, but never speaks to the heart.

Still nearer lay one of the most frequented high roads; of course a continual motion to and fro.....Berlins transporting at a great expence, indolence and *ennui*.....Post chaises rattling away, as fast as covetousness, ambition, and the rest of the passions, can give them speed.....Waggons at every step shaking the earth with their enormous weight, stored with articles, which luxury offers us as so many means of encreasing our enjoyments, but which in reality only add to our privations by multiplying our wants.....The modest cart, or humble truck of the poor cultivator, who goes to market with the produce of his toil, and who forced to give the best of the road to

so many others, seems destined never to advance a step that is not marked with trouble.....*La demi fortune*, that sort of carriage with which the *Bourgeois* enters the career of luxury, and most generally that of sorrow,.... observe the manner in which it goes....the emblem is striking....obliging the carts to draw aside, but giving way in its turn to the Berlins; forced to zig zag on, it proceeds but by crooked windings, between the disdain of the great, and the murmurs of the poor.... then the clouds of dust which without distinction confound the whole.....and the songs of the foot travellers, and the curses of the drivers, borne away in the same gale.

How many subjects for reflection to a dreamer like me.

Indulging for a while my thoughts on the objects passing before me, with what delight did I recall them, to my charming valley.

" Certainly," said I, " this place is inhabit-

" ed by good people; the choice of such a
" spot, argues a taste for retirement, and that
" taste is the security of virtue. By the care
" with which the smallest portions of ground
" are cultivated, I perceive the pride of po-
" verty, which had rather obtain a little by
" dint of hard labour, than owe much to the
" proud pity of exacting opulence.....I will lay
" my life too, that the present inhabitants are
" the first this retreat has ever seen."

In fact it had, I know not what air of creation.

Then again, giving way to my thoughts, I supposed a family, every individual of which I seemed to have before my eyes; reckoning the age of their chief by that of the oldest plantation, I figured to myself a venerable grey headed man, whose patriarchal look inspired respect and love; beside him I placed his partner, a little less aged, but not less respectable; lastly, I grouped the whole family, pressing with eagerness about them.

I saw the traits, the features, the actions of each.

Imagination, how pleasing are thy wanderings!.....at least to a man free from the dominion of the passions; for the ambitious, the avaritious, the envious, have also their visions; but they only add to their torments, whilst thy softest illusions are reserved for him whose simple desires make him worthy of thy favours.

Unfortunately, thou art not always in unison with truth; often on the contrary..... and then.....how cruel is the reality, that breaks in upon thy fairy dreams! I proved it, in this instance.

I was awakened from my reverie, by an harsh and angry voice, that exclaimed, "*Sarper-*"*bleu*, it was high time you came*, I thought "you would have left me to eat my fingers; "I expected you half an hour ago."

* Je croyais que tu voulais me faire gouter par cœur.
I thought thou wouldst have let me lunch by heart.

I stood, so as to observe, without being seen. On raising my eyes, I perceived a youth, whose uncouth appearance accorded but too well with the tone of his voice; I saw at the same time a young girl who answered him with sweetness and gaiety.

——" Ah! my poor ANTOINE, hunger has " made the minutes double to thee, the clock " has barely struck,——I ought not to wait till " it strikes; is it not enough, that I am " obliged to till the ground? Am I to be " kept waiting here for ever?——Thou art " always ready to quarrel; this employment " will soon become more pleasing to thee;..... " it is toilsome, but——Are you going to " begin your idle prate again? I warn thee: it " puts me out of patience——The more pity, " for I tell thee nothing but the truth,—— " Oh, to be sure; you women talk finely at " your ease. But let us have done with this. " Give me my *gouté;** and for the future

* An afternoon meal; a luncheon.

" take care I am not obliged to fetch it.....but
" how is this? What chance brings me a
" *galette ?*†——Chance had no hand in it; I
" made it on purpose to treat thee, and to say
" the truth it was that made me rather late."
" ——You should have told me so at first, or
" have done it sooner——So, I am well reward-
" ed for my trouble, I who thought to give thee
" so much pleasure.——And so it does, but
" then you ought——here ANTOINE, take it,
" *you ought* to return to your task; mine is
" also waiting for me. I hope thou wilt come
" home from the fields in better humour."——

This dialogue had on me the effect of a sudden start in the midst of an agreeable dream. After the pleasing ideas I had formed of the inhabitants of this spot, to see such a thing as anger here!.....to find affability and courtesy, repaid with harshness, and ill humour.....and yet it was a young girl, as soft spoken as she was pretty, whose attentions received such undeserved return; and the

† A sort of baked cake.

youth who spoke thus was of an age, when men are inclined to pay to women a species of adoration.

From this instant the enchantment vanished. The landscape was no longer beautiful. Its principal attractions had originated in the conception I had indulged of the primitive manners of its inhabitants.....I was now undeceived.....It was no more than an ordinary place. In illusions, particularly those raised by sentiment, a single thread torn, rends the whole canvas on which the imagination has drawn its figures.

I was hastening from the place where I had been so much dissappointed, with an eagerness proportioned to the pleasure I felt at first discovering it, when suddenly I heard a voice singing at no great distance,

II.

Au printems, il faut aux bergêres
Gentils paniers, corbeilles bien légères
Alors on n'a que des fleurs à cueillir.
Il faut changer avec l'Automne;
Et pour les fruits que la saison vous donne,
De forts paniers sougez à vous munir.
Ainsi dans tout ce que vous faites
Conduisez-vous suivant les tems:
C'est en tous lieux le premier des talens,
Et la plus sûre des recettes.
Et v'là l'vannier,
L'marchand d'osier:
Ach'tez, ach'tez un panier*.

---

* The sultry heat doth hurt my rural trade,
Whene'er I work 'tis in the cooling shade,
Or on the cottage lawn pearl'd o'er with dew,
That I with joyful heart my task pursue:
But when the dew's exhal'd by Sol's bright beam
I seek the margin of some silent stream,
To keep my yielding osier fit for use,
To form whate'er my fancy may produce.

Thus all the plans that we in life arrange,
Must with the times, be liable to change.

Et v'la l'Vannier, marchand d'Os . ier ;
fine
ach'tez ach'tez un panier. Le hâle nuit
à mon ou vrage Quand je le puis C'est tou
jours sous l'ombrage, Sur le ga zon que mes
panier sont faits Mais vient il une séche
- resse! Pour que l'osier conser - ve sa sou -
- plesse, Je me retire en un reduit plus frais.
Ainsi dans tout ce que vous faites Conduisez
vous s vivant les tems; C'est en tous lieux le pre -
- mier des talens, et la plus sure des recettes.
D.C.

These stanzas, sounded the more pleasing to me, from the gaiety with which they were sung, especially as the broken voice of the singer, and the slowness of his pace, led me to expect an old man.....Gaiety, more especially that of age, is the sure indication of a good heart.....

The singer made his appearance.....It was in fact an old man; but judge of my surprize, and, how agreeable it was, when I found in him a resemblance of the patriarch, whom a

II.

My baskets light, in blooming May I bring,
To bear the beauteous blossoms of the spring,
To deck each rustic nymph upon the plain,
To catch the wond'ring eyes of every swain:
But when Pomona with her ripen'd store,
Does in the lap of Plenty, riches pour,
My ware of stronger sort, I have at hand,
To hold the fruitful produce of the land.

Thus all the plans that we in life arrange,
Must with the times, be liable to change.

few moments before, my imagination had placed in the cottage of the valley.....Grey hairs, in waving curls, the figure a little bending, a friendly eye, a smiling countenance marked with few wrinkles, they are never many, or deep, but in the face of a man whose mind is agitated by the passions.....It was impossible for a dream to be more exactly realized.

Nor had he to me the air of a stranger, and I accosted him as familiarly as though I had long known him.

" Courage father," said I, " singing is a " good thing.——*Pardi*, you are right there ; " I know but one evil that attends it, it " makes me thirsty.——That is one of those " evils to which there is a remedy," said I. He perfectly uuderstood I meant to offer him something to drink, (for be it who it may, I am always cautious how I lessen a man in his own eyes, when I offer him money)——" *Ma-* " *figue,*" said he, " if we were near a *cabaret*,

" I should not blush to take a little glass;
" but we will do better; I am, as one may say,
" arrived; I invite you home ——And I accept
" your offer.——Good; that is soon set-
" tled."……

——" Where have you been," said I,
" that you come home so merry——At mar-
" ket——You have then been in luck's way?
" ——Not much; it was in vain, I cried,"

My wicker ware come here and see,
And buy a basket! pray of me.

" I have not sold a quarter of my ware;
" but what of that, father MATHIEU, (that is
" your humble servant's name) will not fret
" one jot the more……must take the time as it
" comes."

At Fortune's freaks why should we sorrow,
If she frowns to day, she may smile tomorrow,
Fal de ral, de ral la, de ral la.

……" Ah! is it you, LOUISE?……(it was the

same girl I had seen before) " Yes, god-father, " I heard you singing, and quickened my " pace to meet you.....At the same time she took his baskets——" *Mon dieu,* you have " hardly sold any thing——No great matter " as thou seest; but another time will make " up."

LOUISE then noticed me, dropt a curtsy, and looked at MATHIEU as if to ask who I was,..... " you don't know *Monsieur*?.....well! nor " I neither; but I'll engage he is a good " man. His manners are easy, he loves good " humour, gives and takes an offer *sans cere-* " *monie,* goes hand in hand with a poor basket- " maker, though for all his plainness, one sees " well enough what he is.....Allons! run and " rince us some glasses, and tell TOINETTE " to draw of the best; you understand?—— " *Oh! que oui.*".....

And she doubled her speed to be first at the cottage.

" The good girl," said MATHIEU, seeing her run. " The charming creature," said I, at the same time. Not that she was handsome, but she had about her the principal attraction of her sex, an air of candour and good nature.

——" You see," continued old MATHIEU, " how she trots. It is always so when she " can do a little service for any body, particu- " larly for my daughter or me;.....it is true, " we have supplied the place of parents to " her, from the time she was four years old, " when she lost both her father and mother; " .....but, egad! she deserves it well, and " more."

The praises of LOUISE lasted till we arrived at the cottage, save that the narration was now and then interrupted with some scraps of a song; 'twas the manner in which he moralized, as SANCHO did in proverbs;.....I found the one more entertaining than the other; for Mr. SANCHO's had too often a dogmatical turn;

while there was nothing but gaiety in that of MATHIEU.

But we were now within doors.....LOUISE and another *paysanne* about forty years of age, press around him.....In town the refinements of politeness will not allow you to notice a relation, when strangers are by, who must engross all the attention.....In villages, they know not so much; there the impulse of sentiment alone is followed; doubtless because it is felt the stronger. Nor was I at all shocked to find so few compliments paid me.

Mean-while MATHIEU's orders had been put into execution. A bottle and glasses..... a basket of fruit.. ...a new cheese.....suppose us all four at table, looking as if we had known each other for years....." Well, and " how do you like my small wine?——It is " very good——The best of it is, that it is " genuine; for though

Of many secrets art may boast,
To Nature will I give the toast.

—— " Apropos, may we be allowed to " know your name?——*Pamphile*, and I have " the happiness to be called by those who " know me well, the *good Pamphile*.——Par- " di! there is no need to know much of you, " to give you that name, you carry it written " on your face."——" Good man!" and I said this with an emotion difficult to describe; " no wonder we so soon got acquainted..... " none at all," replied he with confidence..... " You find it then to your taste, *mon p'tit* " *vin?*"....filling me another glass——" Yes; " but that is a reason the more to be sparing " of it——Do not let that concern you.....I " never keep any to sell, but be the year " good or bad, I always gather enough to " serve us——Those clumps of vines that I " saw on the hill do they all belong to you? " ——To be sure; it is with me like the " Marquis de Carrabas, all that you see is " mine.....though it has cost me no great " matter. I will give you the history of it."

" My dame, who is dead, brought me

" nothing but love for a portion..... that is,
" however the first thing in a family; but
" then love brings no bread with it.....on the
" contrary, it generally brings more mouths
" to feed; every year gave us a brat.....we
" had already four."....

" One day as I was strolling about here,
" picking of faggots, I noticed this little vale,
" which was then all heath and barrenness.....
" a thought at once struck me; it belonged to a
" *Seigneur*, who lived not a little way off;.....
" away I go to find him;.....he is one of the
" grandest *Seigneurs* ever seen; but then I
" knew he was not the less good for that;.....
" one does not hinder the other."

" I had at first to encounter his proud
" looks;.....bows and scrapes I made by the
" dozen, and compliments without end,.....
" but faith there is this advantage in it, that
" when such coin passes current, there is
" none so poor but can pay it."

" *Monseigneur*", said I at length, *you have*

" *in your wood of* Bellefosse, *a little spot they*
" *call* Mal-pertius; *and well named it is, I grant*
" *you.....now you can at the same time do a good*
" *action, and bring it to a good market——How*
" *so?——First, a good action, by giving bread to*
" *your humble servant, my wife, and four chil-*
" *dren; six persons who will bless the hand that*
" *bestowed it on them.....Then a good market,*
" *because the spot at present brings you in nothing,*
" *whereas in giving it to me for——a moment. I*
" *intend to have it planted; then it will yield*
" *me——My lord, the money it will cost you, will*
" *be thrown away; it can be of no value but to*
" *a man like me, who, will spend nothing on it but*
" *his labour——What do you mean to offer me for*
" *it?——The least you will take,* Monseigneur,
" *for you are rich and will always have too*
" *much; whereas we are poor, and shall never*
" *have enough——That mode of calculation is not*
" *a bad one for thee.....but let us see, what profit*
" *do you think to draw from* Mal-pertius?——
" Monseigneur, *I am a basket-maker at your*
" *service; and if I can but plant an osiery on*
" *the banks of the rivulet, and by dint of hard*

" *labor make the rest tolerably productive, I ſhall*
" *be able to maintain my family;*

And merrily we'll sing with one accord,
Long live my lord——"

" Hereupon, he set himself a thinking
" awhile. After which he says to me——
" *You have then a wife, and four children?*
" ——*Yes, an't please your Lordship*——*And*
" *are willing to work hard?*——*Yes, an't please*
" *your Lordship*——*Bring me a letter from thy*
" *curate to certify all this.*——*Yes, an't please*
" *your Lordship.*

" Upon this he leaves me, with as little
" ceremony as if I had been a dog; no more
" good bye's at parting, then how do ye's at
" meeting....and kept his hat on all the while,
" though I doff'd mine to the ground; and
" then with so proud an air, that in truth I
" do not know how such an air can agree with
" a good heart.....but your great lords know
" a way to reconcile those things.....

" When I returned with the letter from " our *curé*, he began by reading it; then he " sent for a basket with his arms done in vari- " ous coloured osier——" *Couldſt thou make* " *one of these?*——*Yes, an't please your Lord-* " *ship*——*Well then thou shalt furnish me yearly* " *with four such baskets.....On these terms the* " *valley is thine: let the arms in particular be* " *well finished*——*And you will be satisfied?.....* " *Then I warrant to please your lordship in* " *that; it is my forte.*

" In a word, the bargain was struck, heaven " blest my endeavours, and little by little I " have become master of the domain you see".

" Not but what I have had misfortunes. My " poor wife is dead, and TOINETTE and her son " are all that remain of my family..... but fif- " teen years are passed since my last afflic- " tions; and time no doubt will....."

The good MATHIEU would fain have con- continued chearful; but, with the remem-

brances he had recalled, it was impossible.... for this once I pressed him to drink; and to divert his melancholy I asked some questions about the produce of his land.

It began to grow late, and I talked of going, when there suddenly came on a heavy rain, which made it impracticable for me to leave the cottage.

"Well, no matter," said MATHIEU, "there's "no great harm in this.....on the contrary, it "will keep you among us.....you shall have a "bed, such as it is.....TOINETTE and LOUISE "will treat you of their best.....We will take "the little glass, we will sing the little song,

And spite of care
We'll make good cheer."

I consented, and 'twas for a longer time than I thought; the continual heavy rains; roads rendered impassable.....added to these, the hospitality I enjoyed.....It so happened that I

remained here eight days; and I place them to the number of those I think the happiest of my life. Old MATHIEU always singing, the women as merry as himself.....and so kind! so courteous!

There was not one among us, except TOINETTE'S son, that M. ANTOINE whom I spoke of before, who was in discord with the rest.....a lazy, slovenly fellow, always sour and sullen, and fretting that he was no better than a peasant.....he was in truth a foil to the rest.

Old MATHIEU rallied him; his mother lectured him; LOUISE.....how could he resist LOUISE? both in love too.....and she so fond! so mild! so patient in her meekness!.....whatever repulses he gave her, she put up with them, in the hope it would not be ever so.

"It is near a month", said MATHIEU, "that this humour has held him, and all about "a farmer's son, who has made a fortune in

" town. I must tell you that TOINETTE, who,
" like all mothers, was a little blind in her
" fondness, thinking what is far from being
" true, that gentlemen are happier than pea-
" sants, wanted to make a gentleman of AN-
" TOINE, so sent him to school to learn Latin
" and all that. I had then two other sons in
" the family, more than sufficient to cultivate
" our little domain, so I did not oppose
" their making a Latinist of him.....He went
" through the classes for three or four years,
" till after the death of his brothers, when he
" was called home to supply their place. Un-
" fortunately he brought with him the disease
" of vanity, of which he has since had several
" attacks. The present is the strongest, and
" has been the most lasting; but I hope it
" will go off like the rest."

I appeared to think so too; though when I saw to what a degree the restlessness of his ambition tormented him, I was fearful that the disgust he had conceived for his employment was only likely to encrease; and when I

left these good people I brought away with me the apprehension that he would occasion them many griefs.

VI.

" What time can be better than the present, to fulfil the promise I gave old MATHIEU at parting, to see him again ?"

" If he is a personal sufferer in the general crisis, I can perhaps alleviate his sufferings; and then how sweet an enjoyment am I seeking ? If, as I hope, the public calamity has not yet reached him, we will weep together over those that are its victims; we will join our prayers for the welfare of our fellow citizens; but it shall be for all who suffer, without distinction. Grief, animosity, ill-will, in a word, the spirit of party shall be banished from our dwelling; and there will I remain as long as it prevails in my usual places of resort..... It is resolved; I will go seek old MATHIEU, and fix my abode at MAL-PERTIUS.

Precisement. I am on the road; that very

instant a stage coach going that way is passing, a place is vacant, I take it.....I could not have done worse.

VII.

There were four passengers in the coach. So many devils set loose one against the other. After this you may guess the subject of their conversation. Alas! the very topic I was flying from town to avoid; a system which some were unmercifully pulling to pieces, and others extolling to the skies, whilst neither of them understood any thing of the matter. The harshest invectives were uttered on both sides; mutual vociferation, allowing neither to prevail; all the marks of fury strongly exhibited in their features. Their gestures seemed but as many preludes to a battle.....Thus did people whom chance had brought together, for a couple of days at most, choose to pass them in a continual convulsion.

And I, *what the devil had I to do in this galley?*.....But there is an easy remedy; it is

to get out and trudge on foot. There is no fatigue but what is preferable to the pain of being with people thus possessed. Besides, they began to attack me; and with their dispositions, my system of moderation would have sheltered me no better than in town.

Adieu then, *mes chers messieurs;* heaven bless you, and reward you, for your care of the public weal! But I do think, that if the good La Fontaine were to revisit the earth he would alter his fable of the fly and the stage coach; of his one fly he would make two, both as eagerly aspiring to the management of the machine, but disputing about the method of conducting it; from disputes falling to blows: acknowledging, at last, the futility of their efforts, and the folly of their contest, they, by mutual consent, refer it to the coachman.... Such, at least, is the kindest wish we could form for them.

VIII.

This reflection introduced another, which

was followed by a third.....till at last they succeeded each other with such rapidity, and so deeply absorbed me, that I was at a considerable distance from the high road, before I was sensible of having quitted it.

The day was closing; I found myself in the middle of a wood; in a place entirely unknown to me, without seeing the least trace of an habitation.....A year ago this would have given me no uneasiness.....but in these times, it is difficult to repress a kind of fear.... So much prevailing misery, and so few resources! so many daggers, and so few shields! ....These are moments in which the possession of a good conscience becomes of double value, conversing with her diverts the attention and cheers the heart; and even while we dread the worst, it enables us to await the event with resignation.

In this manner having come to an open space, where the ground was covered with a soft turf, and resolving to pass the night there,

did I discourse with my conscience, the result of which was, that I fell into as sound a sleep as if I had been in my bed and guarded by a whole army.

IX.

During my sleep the moon had risen. What was my astonishment on opening my eyes, to find myself near some ruins.....

The edifice was in the Gothic style, with some modern additions; and the whole seemed to have been recently demolished.

It was a castle that had lately been set on fire.

Doors and windows utterly demolished, floors torn up, roofs burnt through, rafters blackened with the fire, some projecting, others hanging or suspended over the ruins; walls where the flames had left traces; the ground scattered with broken furniture, and linen, silks, &c. all torn to rags.....the *tout-*

ensemble shocking; and heightend by the false wavering glimmerings of the moon, the whiteness of her beams, the frightful opacity of her shadows, the multiplicity of glittering points which were formed by her rays darting on the broken panes of glass that lay strewed on the ground. ....

It is impossible to describe the effect of such a spectacle, particularly on a man who the moment he awakes finds it the first object presented to his view.....I thought myself still asleep; I wished, at least, so to persuade myself.

Alas! I was too much awake....." What " is become of your unfortunates! to whom " this dwelling belonged! Perhaps death..... " slaughter has doubtless accompanied the " devastation.....O! God! God!".....I fell prostrate. I was too much oppressed to articulate a prayer, and the day surprized me in the same posture.

X.

I now wanted to view, in every point, the terrible effects.....no; I wished to learn if any thing had been spared in the general wreck, some parts, the sight whereof might be less painful to me.....

In fact, on the opposite side the devastation had been less. It was even yet habitable; but who could have resolved!.....somebody however had the courage.....an old woman, who on seeing me approach, advanced towards me. On my part I also went to meet her..... Doubtless, she read in my looks what was passing in my soul.....On coming up she could not restrain her tears.

" It wounds your heart," she said, " this poor castle of TIERCEMONT....how would it bleed, if, like me, you had been witness to!..... if, like me, you had lost! ....To be sure, my poor master was a little obstinate, he would not forego his ancient privileges.....Though I think it was very excusable. He had sacri-

ficed I don't know how many offers of fortune to the point of honor. He rather chose to spend a part of his wealth in the army, from whence he brought nothing home but wounds and infirmities. He consoled himself in all this, by an innocent vain-glory, which did no harm to any body. If he did hear mass in a particular pew, it was because but for his great grandfather, the people of this country might still have been praying in a barn; for it was he who built the church. If he did have a bit of the holy bread a little larger than the rest, it was the better for the first little child he met. If he was more particularly noticed at the throwing of the incense, he paid for it well enough when the *Quèteuse** came round with the poor's box."

"On the subject of hunting, indeed, there was no way of making him hear reason; but what of that? it was the way in which he had been brought up; they should have given him time to take another turn. But no, quite the

* A woman who collects for the poor.

reverse; no sooner were the restraints taken off*, than away they go hunting like madmen, all over his grounds, even under the windows of his castle, shooting the very pigeons, if any came in their way. He, who was as brave as any CÆSAR, and so tenacious of his ancient rights, resented this usage, and threatned them with his sword and gun. They, far from minding him, became still more daring, nor did they stop at threats."

"One morning, 'tis about a fortnight ago, they went to the church and broke down his pew; then they came here with fire arms, lighted torches, as if all hell had broke loose. For all this he would make head against them, saying, that if he gave way, he should bring dishonor on his name; so true it is, that having a name to support, makes people very courageous! Meanwhile myself, and all his servants, threw ourselves at his feet, beseeching him with tears in our eyes.....I believe all

* Alluding to the repeal of the game laws, which took place about that time.

this would have been in vain, had he not expected his daughter and his grandson that very day....At last we prevailed on him to go to meet them, and protect them from the danger, or at least, spare them the sight of the horrid spectacle that here awaited them. We hoped by this means to save him too.....Alas! we sent him to a death still more inevitable. Crossing the river, about a mile and a half off, his horse slipt.....he fell.....was seen struggling in the waves, but no one could afford assistance"...

"During this time the castle was in flames; they ransacked and destroyed every thing; the servants fled different ways for safety..... I, alone, determined rather to perish than leave it. I was born in it, I have spent my life in it, and will remain in it to my dying day.....in the hope that when this madness is a little calmed, his daughter will re appear. One don't know what is become of her; but as long as I have no proof to the contrary, I must believe that heaven has preserved her. The poor lady!.....and that dear innocent!

so unfortunate almost from its birth!.....Oh! that at least she may come again, and find her faithful MARGUERITE to wipe her tears away, and render her, while life continues, all the little services in her power. The least or lowest person that remains attached to us in adversity is a source of consolation.....I shall leave this world with less sorrow....No, heaven will not refuse me this blessing.....My good master, his worthy daughter, that dear innocent, I have known them from their birth; yes, all three, I had them in my arms the moment after they were born: must I leave the world without seeing any of them again? .....Oh! God! God! reserve not these sufferings to embitter my last moments!"—— Her sobs stifled her voice.

XI.

For a long time after I had left her, my heart was too much opprest to allow me to speak; and it may be easily conceived how painful the reflections were that overwhelmed me.

Nothing was capable of driving them from my mind, not even the charming retreat of the good old MATHIEU. Yet it was about the same season of the year as that wherein I first discovered it. The landscape had no ways changed; it was as pretty, as smiling as ever. It ought even to have gained by the contrast it offered to the objects that had just occupied my attention. On leaving a smoky atmosphere, one inhales the fine fresh air with more voluptuousness.....It was the reverse with me. My soul, far from expanding, felt its oppression increase. To what I before suffered, was added a kind of presentiment the nearer I drew. With these sensations I arrived at the cottage, already surprised at having met no one in my way.

On approaching, I hear the sound of wheels: coming still nearer, I distinguish the noise made by the bruising of osier when it is worked. But no singing, no prattling; not a word, a deep silence....." Is then this cottage no longer the abode of MATHIEU,

of TOINETTE, of LOUISE? Has one year brought with it all this change?".....

The door was on a jar. After some hesitation, I threw it open....." Ah! it is M. PAMPHILE," they exclaim. And I recollect my old friends.

The two women ran to meet me; the old man too, rose as fast as he could.....but their eagerness, tho' it still bore the expression of sentiment, had no longer that air of gaiety .....The heart did not appear to be changed; but in all other respects, what a difference! there was that austerity in their manners, which is the sure effect of continued grief; the joy my presence gave them, found in their muscles an inflexibility contracted by habitual seriousness; even their gestures wanted the natural liveliness of a mind at ease.

——" How happy this makes me," said MATHIEU, embracing me, " I dared not hope " it; for misfortunes do follow so.....my

" dear M. PAMPHILE, I had great need....." Instead of finishing the sentence he pressed me in his arms....." My good friend," said I " what then has happened to you?——A great " deal of grief, my dear sir, a great deal of " grief;" then taking one of my hands between both his, he would have directed it to his heart, but he let it drop to wipe away a tear that had just then wetted his eyelid.....

——" TOINETTE, LOUISE, make our good " friend take some refreshment.....let us sit " down my dear sir." He placed himself on one side of the table, and me opposite to him .....I was dumb with astonishment and pain, to see the good old man....his merry looks that once might have unwrinkled a quaker, now furrowed! fading!.....and then that tear I had seen.....!

After he had also gazed at me for some minutes without speaking, he rose, came up to me, pressed my hand twice or thrice, each time with a deep sigh; and then returns to

his seat.....Poor man! his grief had stifled him; this silent effusion seemed to relieve him——"*Allons*," said he, (the wine had been brought) "let us drink to my better "fortune; heaven will not forsake me since "it has brought you among us again." TOINETTE and LOUISE joined him.....I would have expressed my concern at not seeing ANTOINE——"Oh! sir, don't name him," they all exclaimed at once. "He is the sole "cause of our affliction."

I saw too well, I had touched the tender chord.....MATHIEU raised his eyes to heaven and heaved a deep sigh, while big tears rolled down his aged cheeks. TOINETTE wept bitterly. LOUISE withdrew....when she returned we might perceive she had not wept the least.

XII.

After some time, MATHIEU broke silence. "I must tell you of our troubles immediate-"ly," said he, "forgive me, dear sir, for

" giving you so bad a reception.....but it is " because I know you have a friendship for " us, and so compassionate a heart !.....And " then 'tis such a relief to tell one's griefs " to one that takes a share in them.——Yes, " good man, that I do most sincerely.—— " Let us go and sit under the alder-plot, the " sight of that champaign country will keep " my poor heart from swelling so.....You " may remain here, (addressing the women) " there is no need you should hear what you " know but too well already. In the mean " time get a room ready. I hope our worthy " friend will make some stay with us.——If " I can be of any comfort to you, I will " remain here as long as you are unhappy." He again pressed my hand, and the act was accompanied with a look so expressive !.....

XIII.

When we were in the grove——" Well, my " poor MATHIEU," said I, " you have then " had many troubles since I left you?—— " Alas ! sir, you saw the beginning of them.

" That folly which already possessed the " unhappy ANTOINE, to think it beneath him " to cultivate the ground, and want to be a " gentleman of the town, I had hopes was " only a giddiness, and would go off; but it " grew from bad to worse. His ill humour " encreased every day, on his return from the " fields, where he did not do a quarter of the " work he ought. Every day he became " more dissatisfied, and looked upon the cot- " tage life with disdain; and on Sundays, you " should have seen how he despised his pea- " sant's cloaths.....I rallied him, his mother " wept; LOUISE doubled her courtesy to him, " to shew how much she liked him in that " dress. That should have done more than all, " for he was in love with her.....But alas! " vanity had so turned his brain, that poor " LOUISE got nothing but rebuffs when she " endeavoured to reconcile him to his village " cloaths. It was the same with his mother " and myself."....

" Every time he went to town, and he

" often took up his abode there with a basket-
" maker, who had always as much work for
" him as he could do. Every time, I say, that
" he went to town, he brought home some-
" thing or other out of the common way. One
" day a pair of those large buckles that cover
" the whole foot; another his hair frizzed up
" to the height of the mode; at another time,
" his hat cocked *en vaurien**; in short, he
" never went, but he came home the worse for
" going."

" Thinking to put a stop to all this, I was
" hastening his marriage with LOUISE. In
" general, marriage fixes a man, and gives
" him a solid cast, especially when love pre-
" sides at the wedding, and the bride is a
" good girl. Indeed, nothing but the assur-
" ance that he should soon wed LOUISE, had
" made him a little reasonable, and we began
" to have the best hopes in the world of him;
" when one day he returns from town, with

* Good for nothing.

" his brain hotter than ever, and his pockets
" stuffed full of little printed books, that con-
" tained a vast deal more than we could un-
" derstand; only I knew they said that every
" thing was going to be reformed. Upon
" this, the great fool set himself to persuade
" us, that we were all going to be made equal;
" that great lords and us poor folks were to
" be all one; that they would take from those
" who had much, to give to those who had
" but little; that we should all go scot and
" lot free, and pay neither tithes, nor rent,
" nor taxes any more; in short, nothing
" whatever, not so much as the baskets I am
" bound to furnish every year, as you well
" know."

" To all the rest, I told him how silly he
" talked; but for this, I shewed him 'twould
" be the blackest ingratitude, since the ground
" that maintained us all, was made our own
" upon those conditions.....to all which he
" answered, that conditions were now at an
" end.....I replied, I could not thus acquit my

" conscience, that I should always pay my
" dues, or else I never could.....When he saw
" how I took it, he flew into a passion, told me
" as much as that I was an old fool; said nearly
" the same to his mother and LOUISE; and the
" very next morning sets off again to town."

" At the end of some time he returns, with
" all the look of a soldier, and a large cockade
" in his hat——" *Now then,*" said he, " *will*
" *you say that I was only telling you stories;*
" *they have already begun; things are in a fine*
" *train now; and I promise you, that in less*
" *than a fortnight, great and small, rich and*
" *poor, will be all on a level; there is to be*
" *an equal division of property——My poor*
" ANTOINE, *thou art quite mad; dost think,*
" *the rich will tamely suffer themselves to be thus*
" *plundered?——How can they help it? are*
" *there not twenty poor, to one rich? what can*
" *one man do against twenty, all well determined?*
" *——How! unhappy wretch! would'st thou*
" *use violence?——'Tis not I alone that would;*
" *there are some thousands of us, brave fellows,*

" *all well armed; we'll see what the rich will*
" *have to answer, when we demand our rights*
" ——*My dear* ANTOINE, *somebody has be-*
" *witched thee, some captain of banditty who*
" *wants to have thee in his troop. Do now stay*
" *here with us, my good fellow; the pure air and*
" *our attentions will drive away those wicked*
" *thoughts; and then thy wedding.....Thou'llt*
" *be very happy with thy* LOUISE, *so well you*
" *love her, and she is not ungrateful——Love*
" *and marriage are out of season,* said he, *in a*
" *time like this; besides, before I settle myself,*
" *I must know what I am to share in the general*
" *division of property that is going to take place.*"

" What more shall I say? after talking a deal
" more such like nonsense, he went away.....
" Neither the tears of his mother, of LOUISE,
" or my own, had any effect upon him; nothing
" could detain him.....Alas! all he foretold has
" but too truly come to pass. They have set
" fire to castles, plundered, ransacked, and de-
" stroyed every thing, and the wretched AN-
" TOINE is among the miscreants who commit

" these devastations. They have so worked
" upon him, that he thinks he is doing the finest
" things in the world. For proof, he has
" sent us several letters, to tell us as much;
" from the first of it, we wrote him all we
" could say that was soft, affecting, or chris-
" tian-like; and he would have seen the afflic-
" tion we were in, for the paper was all
" blotted with our tears; but, as he is ever
" on the wing all over the country, there is no
" finding him; and we have had the letter re-
" turned to us from three different places.
" At present it's in the hands of a pedlar,
" who knows ANTOINE; and, from the nature
" of his business is always out upon the road
" .....Not that I expect much good from it,
" for his brain is turned, unhappy wretch;
" and as he makes a boast of his crimes, there
" is no resource left. Think, my dear M.
" PAMPHILE, what a dreadful end he may
" come to——(Sobs interrupted him every
moment) " should justice!....or slain perhaps
" in a fray.....and then after that, eternal
" damnation! Oh! my God! my God!".....

His voice failed him quite, and the unfortunate old man covering his face with both his hands, remained for some moments lost in despair.....

Touched as I was, I yet felt animated to a high degree by the warmth of that eloquence which true feeling never fails to inspire; and I had the satisfaction to calm him a little, by representing to him that an almost universal madness prevailed; that thousands besides ANTOINE had been misled by it; but, that the fiercer it raged the sooner would it be extinguished; that the day was perhaps at hand when he should see his son come home, undeceived, repentant.....in a word, I said all I could to beguile his sorrow; and I succeeded.

I had the same good luck with the women. Poor people! their situation was in reality no ways bettered by it; but in the excess of grief the least glimmering of hope becomes a substitute for happiness; and a confidence in

happier times to come took place of despair .....and it was my doing!

XIV.

What a delightful night too I passed! how proudly satisfied did I feel, on judging by the silence that surrounded me, that these good people were enjoying the sweets of undisturbed repose! that it was I who had recalled sleep to this cottage, whence it had been so long banished!.....and when at last I yielded to its influence, what consoling dreams did it not present to me!.....ANTOINE at the feet of TOINETTE, of MATHIEU, supplicating pardon, and obtaining it.....then in the arms of LOUISE .....a sincere repentance cancelling the remembrance of the past.....happiness unalloyed succeeding to so many griefs.

When I went in the morning to tell my dream, I found my host and his family busy in relating theirs, and they all bore a general resemblance to each other and to mine..... 'twas the natural consequence of the evening's

conversation.....Reason would have judged thus; but in such cases, why not give way to the weakness of credulity? it was so consolatory, to consider these four dreams so much alike, as good omens! it was so powerful a means to comfort these good people! besides, shall I own it? I was not far from being as credulous as themselves, and why not own it? they are real enjoyments that the simple man draws from that credulity so much cried down; and were these better known, unbelief would have fewer votaries.

XV.

Behind the cottage, in a remote and solitary corner, was a cave of some extent, dug under the hill. ....there was nothing to shew what had been its original use, but MATHIEU made it a store-house for his wicker-ware.

One morning, having risen earlier than usual, and turning my steps that way, I saw LOUISE coming out of the cave, with a pannikin in her hand, such as is used for childrens'

food in their first infancy; and its contents shewed that it had just been put to that use.

When she saw me she blushed, and looked confused; I even thought I could perceive, that she was considering whether or no to drop what she held in her hand, for the purpose of concealing it from me, and that if she did not, it was from fear that I had already observed it.....I took care not to encrease her embarassment by approaching her; on the contrary.....but in spite of myself, and in addition of what I had just seen, my imagination suggested the recollection of several circumstances, which concurred to prove that it was the same every morning and evening, and once or twice more in the course of the day .....that great precautions were taken to prevent my noticeing it.....How to help fearing that this ANTOINE.....cursed mania of conjecturing! shall it then always be true that thou art one of the things which it is impossible to guard against? the secret of LOUISE is her own; it would be a crime

to pry into into it; it were a still greater to listen to thy uncharitable insinuations..... Forgive me LOUISE, ah! forgive me, if for a single instant I could.....no, I am sure they are unfounded, those cruel suspicions; impossible they should be true. If they were, would you retain that air of candour, those blooming graces, that *ensemble* which bespeaks the absence of self reproach? above all, would your looks preserve the calm of innocence, that native purity, that *je ne sçais quoi* of virginal, which abides not with the polluted?..... no, no; spite of appearances thou art surely innocent.

XVI.

Another day, TOINETTE and MATHIEU were at work on the outside of the cottage; the one a spinning, the other making a basket. Their position, the objects that surrounded them, presented a charming picture. I had removed to a little distance to catch the whole and draw it.....

I had scarce finished the sketch when LOUISE came running to them from the cave, with wildness and affright in her looks.....I was at a distance, she spoke low; I could not distinguish a word she said.....but all at once the works were suspended; the wheel ceased to go round, MATHIEU retained his attitude, one hand on the basket the other ready to stick another twig of osier..... LOUISE, TOINETTE, and he, remained for some moments immoveable, gazing at each other with fear and dismay.....then they seemed concerting together.....After this the the two women took the path that led to the cave, in a pace rather of running than walking; and I heard them say repeatedly..... "*Oh! mon dieu!* what shall we do?"

MATHIEU followed them with his eyes as long as it was possible. When he lost sight of them, he sighed, and rested with his arms across on his basket, remaining for some moments quite absorbed.....but yet he wants to go on with his work. He slowly picks

out another twig, sticks it, makes two or three wales*, then stops again to look towards the cave.....Louise was running from it more terrified than before.....She speaks to Mathieu, who gets up and follows her as fast as his years will permit.

XVII.

As for me, I remained in a perplexity difficult to describe. These good people were in trouble, in great trouble; I would have given the world to offer them consolation; and I was obliged to suppress my feelings out of respect for their secret!

How did I lament, that they knew me yet so little as to fear me! (for my suspicions returned) Ah! Louise! 'tis not of your want of confidence I complain, but rather that you deprive yourself of the support you would find in that true friendship that pities the weakness of human nature!.....Who knows but even now you may render a vic-

* A technical term.

tim to your silence.....You know that I have some knowledge in physic; and surely, yes surely, the being concealed in the cave.....

XVIII.

My reflections were interrupted by LOUISE, who ran towards me calling me as she ran, repeatedly, and with all her strength. I soon joined her....." Ah! sir!" she cried, " my " dear sir! we can do nothing more for him."

In a moment we were at the cave. Scarce had I reached the door, when a woman, pale, dishevelled, with haggard eye, and disordered attire, sprang forward, fell at my knees, embraced them, exclaiming, " my son! my son! " in the name of God save my son!.....deliver " me up afterwards if you will.....let them kill " me, let them massacre me, only let my " son live."

I saw, at the same time, in TOINETTE's lap, a child in frightful convulsions.....MATHIEU, LOUISE, and her, were quite out of their

senses.....I draw nearer; I examine the child .....The mother throws herself again at my feet——"they told me, you would save him. "——There will be no difficulty in it; I "give you my word, that he is no way in "danger."

MATHIEU, TOINETTE, and LOUISE, gave a scream of joy; but it was drowned in that of the poor mother, or rather lost in a succession of broken screams, following each other so rapidly, that they seemed to make but one. At the same time her eyes sparkled, her head fell back, her arms extended towards heaven .....she could not articulate a word; yet she expressed not the less, but rather the better, that crowd of sensations that pressed upon her by this ray of hope, given her in the midst of the deepest despair.....But when I added, that we must first remove the child without the cave, that he might breathe the open air, resuming her expression of terror, she cried——"they'll come and take him "away, to kill him, to murder him before

" my eyes.....For mercy's sake, do not let " him go out."

It was however the first thing to be done. I charged MATHIEU, and the two women, to join in persuading her to consent.....while I ran myself to get the proper medicines from a neighbouring borough.

XIX.

At my return, I found them all at the entrance of the cave. The air had already been of great service to the child.....This first success, added to what my host had said of me to the mother, had entirely gained me her confidence. When she saw me——" I love " you too," said she, " come and complete " the cure of my child." A draught I gave him, threw him into a sudden and pretty sound sleep.

You should have seen this tender mother covering him with her looks; not daring to make the least stir, tho' she sat in the most

painful and aukward posture, holding her very breath; shedding tears over the dangers of the past, and, at the same time smiling, at the present bliss; mingling thus in her eyes, in her smiles, in every feature of her face, the two-fold expression of a terror prolonged, and of a rising calm!.....and what transports! what kisses! when the child on awaking stretched out his little hands, as if willing by his artless carresses to relieve her from all remaining apprehensions!

Though nearly a twelvemonth old, he could pronounce little more than that monosyllable by which children at that age address a mother; but on a mother it has such an effect! Infancy obliged to supply the want of words by the variety of its modulations, pronounces this one in so many different tones!.....with so many touching inflections! .....we were all moved beyond description..... but she....her joy was intoxication!....madness .....delirium! She made haste to give it the breast.....withered alas! and dried up, could

one still give it that name? yet the child clung to it, and I could judge.....O! admirable kindness of nature!.....I could judge, that there was yet a certain abundance.....It might well be said of this poor unfortunate, that she gave of her own substance to nourish her child.

XX.

We could no way prevail on her to fix her abode at the cottage——"No, no," was her constant answer, "they would discover us, "they would come to kill him." Whatever we said to calm her, we could not prevent her returning to the cave.

LOUISE and TOINETTE went in with her.

XXI.

——"My dear sir," said MATHIEU, when we were alone, "don't be offended that I "have hid that story from you; it cost me "much to keep a secret from you.——Good "man, you have done but your duty, the "secret of another is a sacred trust.——I

" may now," said he, " tell you as much as " I know."

" About twenty days ago, TOINETTE and I went to sell some of our wares at a fair that was held at some leagues distance. Passing by a river we found on its banks this poor LADY half dead, holding her infant in her arms."

" No help was at hand. We soon took our resolution.....quickly, unloading our baskets from the cart, we hid them in the thickets by, and then making a litter of fresh gathered rushes, we gently laid the LADY on it, and lifeless as she was to all appearance she did not let go her child. In this manner we returned home."

" For some time after our arrival she remained senseless; and, when she came to herself, she took us, I believe, at first, for highway robbers at least, for she cried out, as she did to you just now,——*Kill me, if you please, but save my child.*——My dear lady,

said I, " father MATHIEU never did harm to any body; on the contrary, he would rather serve you with the little that lies in his power ——*'Tis my child; 'tis him you must save; help me to conceal him.....they will find him here.....tell me of some place where he may not be discovered.....*"

" At the same time she pryed into every corner of the cottage, not one appeared to her secret enough. At last it came into my head to shew her the cave.....Poor lady! had you seen how she implored me to give her leave to stay there! how she thanked me, when I told her she was mistress of it! she could not have said more if I had given her a palace, all out of pure gift."

" From the day of your arrival, we have not ceased entreating her to suffer us to bring you to her, well knowing that you are better able to comfort her than we, as you are well acquainted with the great world, and 'tis very clear she is of it....She would never consent....

nothing but the imminent danger of her child could determine her; but now, that the most difficult point is gained, I hope you will be able to make her hear reason, tho' that will be no easy task; for I must tell you, if you have not perceived it yourself, that her poor head has been turned."

XXII.

Our endeavours succeeded sooner than we could have expected. My good fortune in restoring health to her child; the delight he took in the open air; the visible benefit he received from it; the weakness and dejection he suffered in the cave; all assisted our wishes.....

At first the good LADY ventured a few steps from her retreat; then she got a little farther....at such times she held the child wrapped up in her arms, and pressed close to her bosom; placing us four like a rampart round her; making us repeatedly assure her she had nothing to fear, and promise to protect her if

they wanted to kill her; yet walking not the less mistrustful, with steps irresolute, an ear attentive, an unquiet look, starting with terror at the least noise of the smallest bird rustling among the foliage.....yet, in time, she resumed her confidence, and, little by little, we insensibly brought her to consent to live at the cottage.

XXIII.

I have not yet said what terms I had settled with MATHIEU. As I had come with an intention of making a long stay at the cottage, I had prevailed on him to let me pay my share towards the house expences; but with regard to the LADY it was pure hospitality. Her poor head was so totally deranged that she did not even pay attention to it, but received her nourishment and that of her child, as one gathers wild fruit in a place that owns no master. These good people on their side did not even notice the slight value she set upon what they did for her. They were however nearer a state of poverty than of riches.....

When I wanted to take upon myself the additional expence she occasioned them, it brought on an endless contest. I was obliged to alledge the right I also had to succour the unfortunate; and was even forced to complain with a degree of bitterness that they refused me a share of their happiness in doing good. At last I prevailed as for the future; but never could I bring them to any reckoning for the past.....they reproached me in their turn, for wanting to deprive them of the merit and the pleasure of doing a good action.....

" Honest people! ye were mistaken; I thought you would have lost none of the merit of it. You had done no less good; nor had you the less done it, without a hope of ever being recompensed.....But you think otherwise; I must give up to you.....A benevolent action gives a man such sweet self enjoyment! that to deprive him of it, or in aught diminish it, would be a barbarity; and since you fear to lose this enjoyment, by

accepting my offers, I will take great care not to repeat them."

XXIV.

It was evident the lady had suffered some sudden stroke of fate, which, by causing the milk to fly up into her head, had affected her brain and impaired her reason; and from the first I saw the necessity there was of applying to the faculty.

I knew a man much celebrated for his treatment of cases of this nature. The child also stood in need of medical care; but we should be obliged to go to ***** ; and could I hope to persuade her?.....I was wrong to despair of it. I gained gradually upon her confidence, till at last I had a sort of power over her will——" What can I do better" was her answer to whatever I proposed, " what " can I do better, than follow the advice of " my worthy friend;" (so she always called me.)

When, however, I talked of taking her to *****, her terrors were renewed.....but a *cabriolet* very close, which I hired, the company of Louise, who consented to make the journey, the repeated assurance that her son would run no danger, the threats of seeing him perish if she delayed.....in short, I conquered her prejudices, and we set off.....

XXV.

In our way we had to cross a bridge. By her desire the blinds had been shut quite close, and it was impossible for her to see where we were; yet, scarce had we reached the foot of the bridge, when, throwing herself over her child, who was then laying on Louise's lap ——" My son! my son! it was in this dread- " ful element!....'twas this that robbed us of " all!" she remained in the same posture and terror, till we were got to the opposite side of the river. She took notice of it in the same manner without seeing it; then reseated herself with a deep sigh, took her child again,

and a long time elasped before she would resolve to give it back to LOUISE.

We had three rivers to cross, or pass by. Each time she was apprized of it by the same impressions, and renewed or very nearly the same scene.

Once more a similar cause affected her, on passing near the manufactory of *****. It began to grow dark, the furnaces were blazing. When she saw the flames through the little windows of the blinds——" Yet " another castle!" she exclaimed, " Ah! let " them at least spare the children."

We had the greatest difficulty to convince her it was not a fire.....

XXVI.

I need not say how averse I was to return to *****, whence I had fled so precipitately. As powerful a motive was wanted to bring me back to it. Besides, M. DE BOSTACQ, to

whom I looked for the lady's cure, dwelt at the extremity of one of the suburbs, where he had an elegant mansion and an extensive garden. He gave us an apartment at his house, and as it was my intention not to quit the lady, I proposed being at *****, as though I were not there; consequently sheltered from the unpleasant circumstances that had made me leave it.

XXVII.

But we are arrived at M. DE BOSSTACQ's. We enter.....not entirely neither.....Beyond the outer gate, which closed upon us the moment we had passed it, a portcullis falls down before us.....As we remained a pretty long time between the gate and portcullis, I shall stop my reader here also, to give him a portrait of M. DE BOSSTACQ.

Figure to yourself a man originally designed by nature to attain the height of five or six feet; but reduced to about four, by being as it were new moulded, on a principle that had swelled his back and breast into an enormous

bunch, and raised his shoulders parallel with his ears; his head proportioned to the stature he seemed to have had some pretensions to. His features equally out of all proportion, and moreover ill-matched, making the *ensemble* truly hideous, his legs following the same system inclined various ways, and the circumstance of one heel being four times as high as the other, did little towards making them agree in length.

Put quicksilver into this odd machine, suppose it consequently in continual motion, you will have some idea of what M. DE BOSSTACQ was, at all times. But if you wish to see him as he presented himself to our view, imagine this grotesque individual, muffled up in a military dress, his head covered with an enormous hat cocked *a la Prussienne;* which was yet surmounted by a plume of various coloured feathers; a pair of waxed whiskers; an huge sabre which, though suspended from beneath his shoulder, was dragging on the ground; the musquet, the cartouche box, in

a word, armed cap-á-pee. To finish the picture, suppose yourself looking, as I did, across the portcullis, and see this quaint personage followed by four others, turned and equipped exactly like himself, coming to reconnoitre us with all the formalities usually observed in citadels in a time of war.....It was not till after they were all gone through that the portcullis was drawn up.

Here is the explication of this enigma.

XXVIII.

Nature having bestowed on MONSIEUR DE BOSSTACQ a turbulent disposition, he had, from his earliest youth, conceived an immoderate inclination to the profession of arms; and it had been all his life time a sad grievance to him, that by his intoward shape (for he was sensible of some of his defects) he was precluded from making a figure in the military line. I believe moreover, that he took up the profession of physic for no other reason, than to make himself amends for

this disappointment, resolved at all events to have some power over the lives of his fellow creatures. Be this as it may, he never saw a uniform but he went into an extacy, envying his lot that wore it.

At the crisis, when every man thought it a duty to arm, the doctor did not let slip so favourable an opportunity. He was among the first that put on arms; and, from the account his housekeeper gave me, it would be a difficult matter to describe, with what alacrity he ran from street to street, from house to house, in that instant of general dismay, infusing his own noble courage into his fellow citizens; hanging himself at times to the bells that called the new militia together; at times bellowing out scraps of speeches, culled from Grecian or Roman history; now holding forth in the pulpit, now in the public cross-ways, mounted sometimes in a cart; encouraging some, applauding others, and even rewarding such as manifested dispositions as warlike as his own; in a word, taking more

trouble on himself, and making more noise than all his district besides; then to encrease his labour, loading his shoulders with an old arquebuse, and dragging by his side one of those ancient arsenal swords, as enormous as they are unweildy; but braving fatigue, sleep, and every thing else for the pleasure of becoming a soldier.....

When the first moment of tumult had subsided, and it was proposed to form a regular militia, the doctor resting his claims on the zeal he had displayed, hoping besides that the circumstances of the times would leave no room for objections, put his name on the list to obtain a company; but notwithstanding all his powers of oratory, in spite of his intrigues, his busling, his liberality, they were sensible that an uniform on a body so fantastically shaped, could only excite ridicule; and this inconvenience, joined to those which the man's own perverse temper would occasion, was the reason that he failed of obtaining even a sub-lieutenancy.

One may judge what was his rage, on finding himself thus deceived in his dearest hopes. He fretted, fumed, blustered, and at last swore he would prove, that shape was no disparagement to valor.

With this view he had been collecting a troop of about fifty men, as like to himself as possible, and had formed them into a company at his own charge. His fortune enabled him to do this, at the risk of ruin, had it been of long continuance, but he hoped it would not. His project was to innure this troop in such a manner to all sorts of manœuvres, and to make himself such a master of tactics, that shortly the very army that rejected him and his offers with disdain, would be forced to receive his band and him, as the saying is, with flying colours.....Then there would be nothing else talked of but LE CAPITAINE BOSSTACQ; the COMPAGNIE BOSSTACQ; every difficult and every dangerous service would be put upon the BOSSTACQS; in short, fame would

never be tired of trumpeting forth the name of Bossuet.

I have said that he was in possession of a large house, and extensive garden. These he had metamorphosed into the appearance of a citadel. The portcullis that stopped us, has been mentioned already. All the rest was in the same style; ramparts, bastions, scarps, counterscarps, explanades; every corner presented an epitome of a fortification. Cannon had not been forgotten; every post was provided with them in such profusion..... Who will not admire to hear, that little logs of wood fastened on pieces of ladder, and these on the wheels of old barrows, formed the substance of this formidable artillery. Old baskets, of a suitable size, painted in bronze, with their mouths more or less turned upwards, answered the purpose of mortars. Balls and bombs, made of fuller's earth, were heaped in pyramids near each of these thunderers of war. All the minutiæ were of the same kind.....

To compleat the farce, military service was observed in the citadel Bosstacq, with as much formality as at Spandau. Centinels at every post; a guard stationed at the gate; at sun rise the reveillé, at eve the retreat, the recall; in the night the customary rounds; in the day-time continual exercises, often some feigned escalade.

These two last chapters were not the least droll; and I wish I could describe the grotesque appearance of fifty such puppets, every one deformed after a different fashion, aping a Prussian battalion, Captain Bosstacq with his naked sabre at their head, making himself hoarse with screaming the word of command; or defending a bastion with a part of his men, whilst the rest were attempting to take it by storm.....then the shouts of victory, and the triumphant airs of the captors.

There was nothing wanted but the grand effect of drums. He was not absolutely

without them, but the neighbours whose repose they had continually disturbed, had taken offence, and the poor captain to retain the use of them at all, was obliged to have his drums covered with osier, and one may judge how much their proper noise was abridged thereby.

Then for fencing ....Had CALLOT seen the wonderful attitudes of these gentlemen, he must have confessed that his imagination had stopped very short of possibility.

To conclude, Captain BOSTACQ willing to join theory to practice, devoted all the time he could spare from the service, to the study of the art military. Treatises of fortifications, systems of attack and defence, FOLLARD, VAUBAN, ONOSANDER, CÆSAR, the Marechal DE SAXE, even the tacties of GUIBERT, usurped the place in his library of HIPPOCRATES, GALEN, the school of SALERNO, &c.

Fortunately for us, he seemed to have re-

tained sufficient knowledge of his old profession, to undertake the cure of the LADY. At first, it was not without some fears, that I trusted her to the care of this madman, but the visible benefits she received soon removed my scruples.

XXIX.

Already she was relieved from those fits of terror, which had, till then, continually possessed her. She now no longer started at every noise, throwing herself over her child, as if his life was in danger from assassins. Her tenderness for him had taken a calmer turn. I now saw that her former apprehensions would subside into the gentle solicitude of maternal fondness.——"My worthy friend," she would often say, "you are certain he is safe?.....that they have no longer any designs against his life?.....Forgive me if I urge you every moment to repeat the assurance. Alas! if they knew.....But no,".....pressing her child to her bosom, and bathing him with her tears, "Oh! no, my

CHARLES, they will never know thee; that is my only comfort."

XXX.

She was now mending very fast; her mind became every day more serene; her health more established; and, by degrees, as the meagerness of sickness went off, new beauties opened to the sight.....rendered more interesting from that air of melancholy that overspread them....and then those touching marks of her gratitude, incessantly repeated, the name of "*my worthy friend*," which she gave me, the soft look with which it was accompanied, a certain expression in all her features whenever (and it was every moment) she renewed her entreaty never to forsake her, or her child; in a word, all those nameless effusions of a delicate soul softened by misfortune, and refined by sensibility, so difficult to describe and yet so irresistible to a susceptible mind.....

What man, whose heart is free, could keep

it so under such circumstances? To me it was impossible; and I soon found, that if a tender interest had taken place of the compassion with which that unfortunate had at first inspired me, to that interest had succeeded an affection, which was daily making new progress in my heart.

XXXI.

" I have seen him perish before my eyes! he that was all to me, to my child!....."

" O, my CHARLES! *the waves have devoured him, that was the only support of thy infancy!"*

" Perfidious element thou hast robbed us of our all!"

" Barbarous wretches! I could forgive them the ravage of the flames. But a loss so grievous to my heart!....."

These broken sentences the LADY fre-

quently repeated, but without explaining herself further; for though her mind was in a better state, her reason was not yet restored.

The expressions I have just mentioned were then the only ground on which to build my conjectures; but was he a husband, a father, a brother, or a protector, whose loss she mourned? her words would equally apply to each of these respective characters. Could it be concluded thence, whether she were a wife or a widow? if the first, I ought to suppress the sentiment I felt; I ought no less to do so if she were a widow, and deploring the loss of a husband. The marks of tenderness she gave me, at times staggered my reason; but then, the grateful effusions of an unfortunate, of a mother, who looks to you for the protection of herself and her child, such a gratitude is so lively! the language is so animated!

Besides, she was my dependent; that sacred title imposed on me the most severe restraint.

Thus, in every point of view, it was incumbent on me to wait till time, or her returning reason.....Alas! of this there was no hope left. The doctor assured me so.

After this cruel declaration, the LADY having now no longer need of medicine, the best thing I could do was to reconduct her to the cottage of old MATHIEU. For her and for her child, the country life is so beneficial, so full of consolation to the unfortunate! so favourable to the unfoldings of infancy!..... LOUISE; she pined of *ennui*, though her delicacy sought to hide it. I could not put my project too soon into execution.....

XXXII.

When I acquainted M. DE BOSTACQ with my intention, he appeared strangely affected. He endeavoured to convince me, that in cases like her's, the town air was preferable to the country; he repeated his opinion, that all further efforts would be useless; in a word, he stammered out a crowd of bad reasons to

induce me at least to delay my departure, and which, to me, seemed dictated by motives of self-interest; the handsome allowance I paid him for our board made that supposition very probable. I was however mistaken; it proceeded from a sentiment far more worthy of a hero.

The ludicrous lump which formed this individual, was not less inflamable than another. The returning beauties of the LADY had produced the same effects on him as on me; in short, Captain BOSSTACQ did me the honor of becoming my rival.

I should not have suspected it in a thousand years; much less should I have suspected, that he had the vanity to hope he could please.....*Eh! bon dieu!* who can calculate the extent of vanity? Is there any pretension, however ridiculous, to which it will not aspire? When Captain BOSSTACQ looked upon himself as a little CÆSAR, was it to be won-

dered at, that he thought himself endowed with the same powers of seduction ?

XXXIII.

I had just come in, and was passing on to the LADY's apartment. I hear an extraordinary noise proceeding from it. I half open my door. It was LOUISE and the Captain, whom she was driving most stoutly before her. He tried to make resistance, but she proved the strongest. My little man grew furious, and dared to threaten her. LOUISE answered his threats with her double fist, and did so well apply it, that the hat *a la Prussienne*, and the grenadier's wig, drop from the head of the little CÆSAR, who, in endeavouring to save them, loses his equilibre, entangles his legs with his long sabre, makes a jump a little out of time on to a staircase, where the scene terminated, and tumbles souse into a heap of potter's clay that had been lying in soak for the repair of a bastion.

LOUISE's passion would not allow her to

see the pleasant part of the adventure; as soon as she had rid herself of her enemy, she only thought of returning to her room. But as for me, who could not conjecture any thing further than that he had offered to take some liberty with her, and thought her sufficiently revenged, I took advantage of the sight which my door half open afforded me of this comical scene, and laughed heartily to see our hero struggling in the clay, whose clamminess conquered all his efforts. If he disengaged one limb, the other which then was the support of his whole mass, sunk in the deeper; at every attempt to extricate himself he splashed himself all over like a mask. Then his screams, his wrath, his cursing, and hallowing for help.

I would have flown, the instant of his fall, had it been any other person; but I knew too well the man's pride; he would never have forgiven me for witnessing his disaster, particularly as Louise was the occasion of it; and

from my knowledge of his choleric spirit I apprehended he would lay me under the necessity of adding to the chastisement LOUISE had given him.

His cries in the mean time had alarmed the house; the servants came to his assistance, and drew him out in a pickle I attempt not to describe. He imputed his accident to a *faux pas* on the stairs.....

It was so in fact, and one of the worst he could have made.

XXXIV.

When I entered the LADY's apartment, I was not a little surprized to hear that he had been declaring his passion to her. Till then he had only hinted at it, and his expressions had been pretty well guarded. The LADY had not even noticed them; LOUISE only laughed at them.... But now, finding that the time of her expected stay was all at once cut short, he had resolved to make short work too, assail the citadel by

storm, and, in imitation of CÆSAR, make his boast of *veni, vidi, vici.*

LOUISE was so much shocked, that, notwithstanding her wonted good nature, she was sorry he got off so well. The LADY, indignant at such treatment, insisted on leaving the house that instant. It was what I intended. A coach waiting in readiness at the door, (for we had for some time past taken an airing every day) we set off without ceremony, and instead of returning to the citadel BOSTACQ, repaired to a friend's house, whence I sent a message to the Captain to inform him of our departure, as neither the LADY nor LOUISE would consent to my going in person.

XXXV.

——" The ladies were much in the right on't," said the servant when he came back. " Had it been *Monsieur* instead of me, there would have been some catastrophe. I found the baboon in bed, thanks to the pretty tricks *mam'zelle* LOUISE taught him; and so closely

wadded in bolsters, that there was no seeing eyes, nose, or mouth of him. This did not hinder him, when he had read the letter, flying into a ridiculous passion that afforded great diversion. He foamed, swore, raved like one mad, cursed himself for not giving orders to stop us, and his guards for letting us pass; then turning to me who was ready to burst with laughter, he threatened to keep me as an hostage. "*Most noble general*, I answered, *I am an ambassador, my person is sacred, besides you know that the least complaint would open the doors of your fortress.*"

"This last hint had its effect, at least as far as I am concerned, for as to you, sir, you will never be out of danger. The Captain has sworn on his great sabre that he will have revenge. I suppose he meant for the offence he has been guilty of; 'tis ever so; those who are in the wrong are always most angry."

XXXVI.

Shall I speak of our return to MALPERTIUS? of the recepiton we met with from TOINETTE and MATHIEU? of the eagerness with which they hastened to meet us above a mile on the road? the pleasure they testified at first perceiving us? Need I mention the trouble they had taken in our absence to render their dwelling more commodious to us? the additions they had made to it for our convenience? the cradle of osier which MATHIEU had been making for the child, in his very best manner, as fine as that sort of work will admit of? Shall I describe our supper, which had nothing more than common in it, but an apple pye, a sweet cheese, and a bottle of the reserve, and yet was in reality a fête, enlivened by the effusion of sentiment, by the expression a thousand times repeated, of the pleasure we now felt, and the *ennui* we had all experienced.....Then the bursts of laughter at Captain BOSSRACQ's expence, of which LOUISE did the honors.....

One corner only of the picture was darkened with regret. That unhappy ANTOINE, of whom no tidings could be heard.....fortunately our dreams that so strangely coincided were ever present to our thoughts, and hope contributed a little to soften the tints.

XXXVII.

The beauties of the scene around us, the calm of a country life, the continuance of those enjoyments which dispose the heart to tenderness, a greater freedom perhaps on the LADY's side, a shade of sensibility more expressive.....all concurred to confirm more and more the sentiment with which she had inspired me. The motives which had made me repress it hitherto, continued to impose the same restraint on me. I saw no way left but absence. I accordingly took the resolution to travel for a while.

How painful to me was the moment of departure! that moment when the LADY leading me to the cradle of her son, and

with moistened eyes, looking first on him then on me, spoke in a tone so soft! so tender!——"My worthy friend do not leave us long; we all love you."

No man, but who has been in the situation I then was, can conceive the cruelty of those endearing expressions which waken all the chords of sympathy in a case where reason prescribes resistance.

XXXVIII.

The general ferment appearing to have subsided, I thought I could resume with safety my old manner of travelling on foot; for the most part by the side of rivers; not those great floods devoted to the use of commerce, their course is too solemn and stately to suit my taste. I do not, however, give the preference to those obscure rivulets, whose margins are not every where passable, and along whose banks you run the risk of entangling yourself, so as with difficulty to get out again. A medium in all things is to be preferred, and

therefore, when I am left to my choice, I give it to those little navigable rivers, which give life to the scene without commanding it.

The conveniences of navigation afford the traveller a foot path along their banks, and objects continually succeeding each other, prevent the dulness of uniformity. Here some alder has taken root, turning back the waves, who seem to murmur at their repulse; there the water almost sleeping in its channel, presents a smooth and even surface, just emblem of the sage, who, though he makes one in a community ever driven about by the winds of passion, yet knows how to find in retirement the means of preserving his mind serene and peaceful. In one place a slope covered with moss, more soft and beautiful than what the English amateurs purchase for their gardens at a great expence. In another a cluster of reeds, whose expansive leaves play in the gentlest breeze, while their smooth and glossy green reflects, as in a mirror, the sun-beams dancing in a thousand directions.

In another the leaves incessantly kept in motion by the gale, their rustling noise mingles with the murmuring of the waves. Here and there the huts of fishermen, in which you are sure of meeting with an hospitable reception at a small expence, for none but poor folks stops at them ; and these are easily accommodated.

Such, at least, are the banks of the ****, which I was then passing by. In one of these huts too it was, that I found two men talking.....of the only subject that is at present talked of.

One of them had picked up a fragment in manuscript, and proposed reading it.....

He was just beginning, when a hermit* entered. The hostess dropt a piece of bread into his wallet. The men, each of them,

* Though a hermit is a character no longer known in England, it still exists on many parts of the Continent, particularly in Roman Catholic countries.

offered him a trifle of money.....I thought by the hesitation with which he held out his hand to receive them; I thought, I say, he felt humbled, and that at last he took them only from a fear of offending by a refusal. It was no easy matter to get a sight of his face; one part of it was hid in an enormous hood, that seemed more than usually drawn forward, and a very long beard covered the other, so that his eyes and cheeks were scarcely visible; yet I thought I saw confirmed in them the reluctance with which he stooped to accept.....he turned away his face.....his cheeks reddened with confusion.....I could not but share his feelings on the occasion, and wishing to make him some amends, I spoke to him with all the caution that true pity suggests when she wants to comfort a man of a humiliation, and I prevailed on him to partake of my meal with me. The manner in which he accepted my invitation, proved how much he esteemed the delicacy of my motive, and the little he said to thank me, had an air of good

breeding in it, which explained to me how much it cost him to act the part of a beggar.

XL.

The fragment that I heard read was conceived in the following terms:

"We are accountable to our country for every idea that may be useful to it.....This axiom has been the *cause* and the *pretext* of those innumerable writings which have overrun us for some time past....."

"The *cause* of those, whose authors wrote from principle; upon the strongest conviction; directed thereto by a kind of social conscience....."

"The *pretext* of those, whose authors' patriotism was but a false device; such are the scribblers beset by the demon of writing; the hungry, pressed hard by the necessity of a livelihood; the restless, who think they shall be gainers by a change; the enthusiastic

innovators; the quarrelsome from constitution, or habit; the discontented, &c. &c. I will not lengthen this list; it would become endless; one may perceive it without much difficulty; one may also easily judge that water, however pure, will cease to be so in passing through foul channels; and it is doubtless a fair conclusion, that we should beware how we drink indiscriminately from every fountain....."

" We should arm ourselves with another species of distrust against the writers from principle; because, the more convinced they are themselves, the more ardent will they be to impress their conviction on others; and for this purpose will neglect nothing that can establish their opinions....." So much the better", it will be said " if they are good"....." but so much the worse," I shall answer " if they are bad".....and till that is certified, the means of conviction are the more dangerous from being the more powerful. Such is that eloquence which dazzles

more than it proves.....The defects of the diamond are hid beneath the brilliancy of its water; and the lapidary to ascertain its value, first deadens its lustre with his breath....."

"I speak not of sophistry; the desire of convincing puts that weapon in the hands of the good, as well as bad; nor of all the subtle wiles of oratory which result from that expedient. I shall content myself with saying, that in my opinion, such matters require a temperate discussion, free from all enthusiasm, for that is dangerous even in a good cause, till one is certain of having formed a right judgment, and a temperate discussion alone can assure to us that certainty....."

"Such writers as SMITH, on the Wealth of Nations, are wanted in the present circumstances; unfortunately, as the successes of the rhetorician are more easy, and more flattering than those of the logician, he has few imitators; and, unfortunately, for the same reason, JEAN JACQUES has left many; and to what errors is

it not possible for the facinating eloquence of such a man to give adoption?"

"To expect this coolness of discussion at the beginning, and especially among us, is, I acknowledge, to expect much. I am aware, that in every thing, the first oscillations are extreme; that those which follow are less so, and that they would end in absolute repose, if on the other hand, one did not conclude by finding a regulator."

"And it is thus in morality as in politics; in the smallest things, as in the greatest. Whatever is new, is at the beginning judged to be very good or very bad, according to preconceived opinions. The superlative is the language of first impressions; but experience reduces exaggeration.....What was deemed excellent, is no more than good; what was destable is no more than bad..... Sometimes the transitions are even greater..... Beware then of first impressions, and let us be neither enthusiasts nor detractors....."

" Doubtless there was much....." Here the fragment ended.....

XLI.

Upon asking leave to take a copy of it..... " *Ma foi,*" said the companion of him who read it, " you may as well take the original, for this cold-blooded politician has tired me devilishly. Tell me of this" added he, taking a newspaper out of his pocket. " Here is the man that may well call himself the peoples' friend."

It was a journal of M. ——, and one of the most inflammatory.

In one place in particular, on the subject of devastations, the writer, to his own approbation of such proceedings, added the most powerful incitements; and my gentleman read this passage with such glee!.....,and his companion listened with an eagerness!,.....

XLII.

I sat opposite the hermit. The table was narrow. Our legs crossed each other. I felt his knees knocking against mine. His eyes were raised to heaven; he appeared to stifle a sigh; and his feelings became so oppressive that he was forced to walk out. He was too much affected to speak; and could only express by a squeeze of the hand the acknowledgement I plainly saw he wished to make for the little kindness I had shewn him.

Misfortune is to my mind a kind of magnet, which attracts one forcibly to the sufferer. If there be a man who can refuse aid and consolation to the wretched, to that man's own testimony I appeal, whether he can, without an effort, often times a violent one, overcome the genuine and natural feelings of the heart?

This venerable hermit was apparently so deeply affected!.....I would have followed him instantly, but for the fear of encreasing his pain.....But at last, the impression he had

made on me, became too strong to resist; and shortly after I went upon his track..... not without using those discretions which delicacy prescribes.

I soon overtook him; and after talking awhile on indifferent subjects, we were beginning to speak the language of mutual confidance; when all at once the hermit looking earnestly at me.——"Certainly," he cried, "I am not deceived. It is M. PAMPHILE "I have the pleasure of speaking to.——The "same. May I take the liberty to en- "quire?....."

We were then in a very solitary path. The hermit looked round on every side to assure himself that none could see or hear us; then turning to me, he threw back his hood.....——"Heavens! I exclaimed, is it "possible? The COUNT DE GUERINVAL? ——Alas! yes, my dear PAMPHILE; you see the unfortunate COUNT DE GUERINVAL.....

I must here interrupt my reader to relate an anecdote of my early youth.

XLIII.

I went to Paris to receive a considerable sum of money, which formed the greatest part of my fortune. On coming out of my banker's house, my pockets loaded with cash and notes, I was accosted by one of those officious swindlers, who are never wanting in offers of service to draw in country folks. We went to a coffee-house, whence he drew me into a gaming-house, where I soon lost all I had about me.

A knight of the order of St. Louis, who had been sitting beside me in the coffee-house, seemed to follow me when I came out of it, and indeed I saw him enter soon after me, that den of sharpers into which I was seduced. He seated himself near the table where I was ruining myself, and during the whole game remained motionless as a statue. All at once he starts up, seizes the cards with one hand, and

with the other gives my antagonist such a sound box on the ear.——" You are a cheat," said he, " and your confederates with you. " You have been plundering this young man. " Give him back his money directly."..... Already several swords were drawn upon him; he placed his back against the wall and defended himself; I joined him.....The clashing of swords brought in the guards.....

The cards were found to be marked... .The sharpers besides were men well known..... They were taken into custody, after making them restore me all they had swindled from me.

——" Young stranger," said the generous man, who had rendered me this essential service, " your conversation in the coffee-house " led me to suspect the snare that was laid for " you. From that instant you had a claim on " my protection, and I have only done my " duty."....I omit the rest of his noble expressions on the occasion; those of my gra-

titude may well be conceived; and to come to the present moment, I shall only observe by the way, that he was then just setting out on his travels; that since that period we never set eyes on each other, though the remembrance of him was ever present to my heart; lastly, that it was the identical COUNT DE GUERINVAL whom heaven now presented me in the person of the hermit.

XLIV.

In vain should I attempt to describe what then I felt, thus unexpectedly to find again the man to whom I had been so much indebted, and to find him thus in misfortune. I rushed to his embrace, he pressed me to his breast; tears moistened our cheeks, and it was long before either of us could give our speech utterance.

When the first moments of sympathy were over, he seemed disposed to answer the questions which my concern for him readily suggested.

" Soon after the period," said he, " when " I had the happiness of being of service to " you, the deaths of my father and eldest " brother putting me in possession of the " name, and castle of TIERCEMONT."....

" TIERCEMONT!" I exclaimed; " I have " seen the sad remains of a castle of that " name which has been lately demolished..... " Is it possible?".....

——" It is but too true, my dear PAMPHILE, to me that castle belonged. Unfortunately, I brought to it, and preserved in it, that inflexibility of principle which I had contracted in the service, those prejudices in which I had been educated; in a word, that rigid, arrogant, imperious behaviour, against which man's nature is apt to revolt. But if I must confess my failings, I may be allowed to say that I made amends by some good deeds. My vassals in misfortune might always command my relief. I would have exposed my life to defend the least and lowest among

them; and in recompence for an idle tribute of respect, there was nothing they could not obtain from me. But mens' good qualities are written on wax, and a slight thing will deface them; the bad are deep engraven on brass, and the hand of time but slowly wears away the impression. I have made lamentable proof of it."

"In the late events, instead of giving way to the force of novel opinions, I was bold enough to retain the old. My vassals wanted to dispute my privileges; I maintained them with obstinacy, perhaps with *hauteur*. They threatened me, and I met their threats with a firmness which surprized and disconcerted them; at least I thought so. But I was mistaken. A smothered fire burns the fiercer; vagabond strangers that came among them fanned the flame, and dreadful was the explosion that followed."

After relating what the old woman whom I found at the castle had before told me, a

recital too distressing to repeat to my reader, the COUNT added.....

" After floating down the stream about a mile and half from the place where I fell in, I was taken up by some poor fishermen, and by their unwearied efforts I was called back to life.....Alas! only to hear a confirmation of my misfortunes. These people, without knowing me, told me in the fullest manner of the demolition of my castle, and the proscription of my person.....I could think of no other expedient, than to take refuge with a hermit who had formerly been a grenadier in my regiment, but meeting with a disappointment in love had retired from the world. This brave fellow answered the opinion I had formed of him; his zeal to serve me even carried him so far beyond my hopes, that I foresaw a time when I should repent having had recourse to him. He took so great an interest in my misfortunes, that, resuming his former character, nothing would satisfy him, but he would arm, and perish to avenge me.....It

was with great difficulty I kept him within bounds."

"For me, religion, the constant refuge of the unfortunate, came to my relief, and gave me resignation to support, without complaining, the evils which it has pleased heaven to inflict upon me. Alas! I am yet ignorant of their extent, not knowing what is become of my daughter and her child. During a long period that I remained in concealment, brother GERVAIS (that's the hermit's name) has made all the enquiries imaginable. I have continued them ever since with as little success. I have no proof of her death, but on the other hand nothing tells me that she has escaped; and this cruel suspence is the only pain that admits not of alleviation. Against all else I am armed with resignation; and if heaven wills me to finish my carreer in the state to which it has reduced me, were I but made easy about the fate of my daughter, I could bear my own without murmuring."

" In regard to personal danger, I have none to dread any longer; my beard, my habit, the advantage it gives me to conceal my face, a pretty long experience, all convinces me that thus I am not known. Brother GERVAIS has given out in the country, that I am a relation of his, come to share his solitude, and, under the name of brother EUSEBE, I now go where I please without the least fear."

——" Unfortunate man!" said I, pressing him again to my heart, " why was not I sooner acquainted with your misfortunes? I would at least have shared them. I conjure you, consider me, and all that I possess as your own. Command me, command my purse; name the province, the country where you think you would be most safe; I will accompany you to it; I offer you the share of an easy independance, and all the solicitude of the tenderest friendship."

He answered me with an expression of gratitude, as dignified as it was moving; but

he could not resolve to absent himself, so long as there remained the least hope of seeing his daughter again.

I however entreated him to allow me to soften a little his present condition.....

——"My dear PAMPHILE!" he answered, "my good friend! be assured it is less distressing than you think; the situation from which we shrink when distant, becomes supportable in the trial, we may even find comforts where we expected to meet only hardships; and experience has convinced me that this fatal blow, so dreadful to pride, was much less so in the eye of reason Yes, my friend, I feel that I could well enough endure my own calamity, did not the idea of my daughter embitter all my reflections. Not but I should like to be again what I was; but I wish it only for the power it would once more afford me, of doing good, in which I may say I always took delight;——above all, for the opportunity of disarming hatred by acts of

benevolence, doubtless one of the sweetest of human enjoyments."

——" And you shall taste," said I, that " enjoyment so worthy of you. The madness that has fired every brain, can be but temporary. Perhaps we are drawing near the term....."

XLV.

I was interrupted by brother GERVAIS, coming to meet the Count, whose unusual stay had made him uneasy. The sight of me surprized him and gave at first a reserve to his behaviour; but when he was informed who I was, he fell upon my neck, and was not sparing of caresses in his grenadier's style to the friend of his colonel (for so he always called the Count, when prudence did not forbid). He then returned to his favourite scheme——" *Morbleu,*" cried he, " if we had but the means to collect two or three hundred together, how finely we should beat up the quarters of all those wretches.

Look you now, if I were rich enough to rebuild their village, it would be my great delight to go and set fire to it; and when they had felt what it is to lose all one's property, and had had full time to grieve over it, I would say to them;——*Ye scoundrels, now that I have made you feel yourselves what it is you have done to your lord, my colonel, here's wherewithal to repair your losses*.....For instance, I would give them something rather over, that I might have nothing to reproach myself with; but I have the vanity to think that such a lesson would be of essential benefit to them.....Yet, I warrant now, if all this could be brought to pass, my colonel would not allow of it, for the sake of the little damage they might suffer. Would you believe that, but just now, he forced me to give asylum to a man we found lying wounded near the hermitage, though I would wager my cartouch-box it is one of those wretches who live by havock and plunder."

——"I grant you," replied the Count,

" that the wildness of his look, and the arms he bore, did not prepossess me in his favor; but he would have perished, if we had not come to his relief. The injuries he may have committed ought not to prevent us from doing our duty."

XLVI.

As we approached the hermitage, the man they had been speaking of, was standing at the door, resting his back against the wall. That instant a pedlar came up.....—" Good tidings," said brother GERVAIS; " here's money coming to us,"—it was a dealer who from time to time came to purchase little toys which the two hermits amused themselves in making.

At the sight of that other man, the pedlar started back in amaze, and seemingly with an exclamation which we were not near enough to hear. We next observed him go up and deliver the man a letter.....Scarce had he read it through when he drops on his knees, raising

his hands to heaven.... .We had now approached near enough to hear him cry out;—— "Miserable man that I am! Oh wretched, wretched parents!....." He threw himself on the ground; groans stifled his utterance, and he bathed the earth with his tears.

We ran up to his assistance; he raises himself.....I recognize ANTOINE, old MATHIEU's son. I call him by name, he looks at me, recollects me too....." Yes," he cried, in accents of despair, " 'tis ANTOINE, the unworthy ANTOINE, whom in better days you knew in the abode of wisdom, and now find in the path of infamy.....O my father, respectable old man! and you the tenderest of mothers! O my dearest LOUISE!.....Did you but know, Sir, the afflictions I have brought on them! perhaps even now they are dead, broken hearted. And 'tis I! 'tis I who have been their murderer."

——" Unhappy young man, be composed. I have seen their sorrows, they were extreme.

But for me, perhaps they would have sunk under them. Heaven directed me to their cottage. I had the good fortune to persuade them, that you would one day see your errors and retract; and this hope has preserved them on the brink of the grave....."

——" Do they yet live? Oh! God! you have recalled me to life, you have saved me from despair.....No, you have not deceived them; I do repent, I swear to you, truly repent. But will they forgive me? Oh, Sir! finish your good work; obtain pardon for me! restore me to their affections, restore to me their hearts....."

——" Their's will be restored to you, as soon as repentance has entered your's."—— " You may answer for me, Sir. The reflections I made on my past errors, during the time my wounds have confined me here, had already disposed my heart to amendment; this letter, which I have just read, has determined me.....Would that I had received it

when first it was written, I should long ago have returned to my duty.... ."——" No, young man; it would have failed of effect. From all that they told me, your head was strangely turned."——" You are right, Sir, I was wild, I was mad. The disgust I felt at my condition in life, and envy at their lot who were in better circumstances than myself began the evil; treacherous advice, writings which I read with avidity, finished my seduction. What would a letter have availed, when their tears, their prayers were lost upon me.....Monster that I was! they wept, and I was not moved! and you tell me they will be softened at my return!.....Oh! let me fly, let me fly this instant, and throw myself at their feet."

——" Your state will not allow it; and it would be also dangerous to them, to pass too suddenly from the extreme of misery, to the excess of joy. Let me first write to prepare them. A second letter will confirm the hopes the first shall have given them. Then we may....."

——" Ah! Sir, what a tedious time must elapse ere that?.....——" Young man, your absence has nearly caused their deaths; do not let the suddenness of your return prove still more fatal; and let me manage it." ——" Ah! Sir, do as you think best. My future study shall be to submit implicitly to the direction of those, whom I know by experience to be wiser than myself.....

XLVII.

——" You see now," said brother GERVAIS, " that I was right to suspect that fellow....."

——" You see too," answered the Count, that there was an additional call upon our assistance. He would have died in despair, or else have lived only to lose himself inevitably. Every day's experience convinces me more and more that a good action is never lost. Length of time may elapse before benefit results from it, but perseverance must in the end ensure success.

XLVIII.

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"But, perhaps," said I to the Count, "tranquility is now restored, and you might appear again with safety. I will go in search of the old woman I found among the ruins of TIERCEMONT (I had related that scene to the Count); I shall learn from her the dispotions of the country-people. I will ascertain them by my own enquiries".....——"There is a better way still," answered the Count, "and that would be to see the curate, who is much beloved by his parishioners, and with great reason; he is one of the best of pastors. Unfortunately I must confess that from me he met with persecution, and very unjustly too, because he would not exchange livings with one of my favourites."——"If he really possesses the virtues of his profession," said I, "the first of them is the forgiveness of injuries .....At all events, I will set off, and one way or another, I will learn what we have to hope or fear."

XLIX.

Though it was then late, I set off that instant, slept upon the road, and early the next morning arrived at the village of TIERCEMONT.

Passing by a garden, whose enclosure was only a hedge, I observed attentively, an elderly ecclesiastic who was walking in it, and whose venerable countenance bore the character of goodness and piety. It could be no other than the curate. He too, noticed me, and we soon recollect having often met each other at a friend's house in a neighbouring town.....

This fortunate incident was well calculated to shorten preliminaries. He invited me to his house, and I was thus enabled to fulfil the object of my mission.

My impatience to serve my friend would not allow me to lose a moment, and it was easy for me to enter upon the subject, by remarking the desolated castle which was in

view from the windows of the parsonage house.

——" *Eh mon dieu*," said the worthy man, " it is the only cause of grief my parishioners have given me during the fifty years I have had the happiness of being their *curé*. The first infection of this madness that prevails, they caught from strangers who came among them, and turned their brains, and then their Lord, by his imprudent conduct, encreased their phrenzy; my prayers, my tears availed nothing, and I saw those men, who 'till then had been faultless.....they repent enough of it now; but alas!——They repent of it do you say?——There is not one among them that does not lament.....——So that if their Lord were still living.....——He was drowned in making his escape.....——But suppose he had not perished?——Is it possible?"

When I assured him that the Count had been saved.....I cannot express the joy of this reverend priest, who yet, by the Count's own

confession, had the greatest reason to complain of him.....Religion! how sublimely mild is the doctrine thou teachest of forgiveness of injuries!*

* I shall here recall an instance that cannot be too often cited. It is extracted from No. 83, (Anno 1790) of the *Moniteur Universel.*

Cahors, 10th March. Some peasants had just grounds of resentment against their Lord. Every brain was fired in the general fermentation, and its fury was ready to burst out into action, when the Curate rushed into the pulpit and said; "*My friends, the day of vengeance is come, the Lord of our Village has been our tyrant, he must be punished. I have been more oppressed and persecuted than any of you, and have therefore a greater claim to the command; allow me to be your leader, and let every man swear to follow my example.*" They all confirmed it by a solemn oath; and the Curate then said, "I SWEAR TO FORGIVE". Led by the force of example, and faithful to the oath of their pastor, the whole village forgave their Lord.

L.

It was a working day, and yet the village had every appearance of a *féte*. The Curate's housekeeper had taken unusual pains at her toilet, and when he asked her the reason of it, she only laughed and slid away. Bells had rung for mass sooner than customary; they were urgent for him to come and say it; and when he set out to go to the church, a crowd of little children ran before him, crying, *there he is, there he is*.... Immediately all the bells were set a ringing; the moment he entered the church, his parishioners confusedly pressed about him; at last there was silence. The chief persons of the village came forward, and one of them delivered a speech, informing him, that the purpose of all this commotion was to celebrate the day which compleated the fiftieth year since so good a pastor first came among them.——" My friends," said this worthy priest, softened into tears, " My dear friends, my dear children, it is I who ought to give thanks to God, for the fifty years of happiness he has granted me. There has been

but one moment, one single moment.....it was to me a cruel one ....O, my dear friends, how much you were misled! Your Lord was benevolent, he was charitable. The poor, you well know, never petitioned him in vain. In times of scarcity, his store houses were open to us. If, in some other respects you had reason to complain of him, which is the one among us, who, had he been brought up in the same principles, would have possessed more virtues and less faults? Remember the moral of Christ's behaviour to the woman taken in adultery. I wanted to recall it to your minds then, but you would not hear me.. ..and your fury....my heart still bleeds....your's too, I am sure.——"Oh! yes, yes," they all answered in a tone truly penitent.

——"I am likewise sure," added he, "that were it possible, that heaven would restore him to you, you would implore it with great fervor." The general YES, was repeated with the most lively expression.

——" Well, my good friends, God has foreseen your repentance; he has anticipated your prayer; I have just learnt that the Count."—They did not allow him to proceed. A thousand exclamations resounded through the vaulted roof of the church; and when they knew, that it was I who had brought the happy tidings, these good people pressing about me, entreated me to give them the whole detail.

During my recital, their tears flowed plentifully. Every moment they were ready to interrupt me with some token of pity, of joy, of regret, and ardent zeal to make rep ration for the past; but the interest they took in it, restrained their transports, and enforced silence.

The instant I had done speaking, this crowd of sensations, which had been kept in with so much difficulty, burst all at once with a violence, the result of which was a kind of applause, of which nothing can convey

an adequate idea. One could only distinguish an unanimous vow, to set off immediately to fetch the Count.

To this I objected the distance; the dangers of such a measure without his being apprized of it. At the same time I offered to go myself, and bring him to them.....This proposal was accepted.

They soon got ready a *cabriolet*, which happened to be in the village. The best horse the place could produce was harnessed to it. They even provided it with some cloaths, which they got from the old woman at the castle.....I departed, accompanied with all the good wishes which the impatience of sentiment could dictate.

LI.

The suddenness of my return, added to the manner of it, made the Count, who perceived me at a distance, fearful that my zeal for him had brought me into some danger. But as I

drew near, this fear vanished; the joy that sparkled in my eyes, announced to him the best of news. After taking every precaution to spare him the effect of too sudden a surprize, I confirmed his hopes.....Good man! he was less sensible to the re-established of his fortune, than to the recovery of his people's love, the loss of which had been one of his greatest sufferings.

It was late; the Count had his dress to change; we could not set off till the next morning; we were there by break of day.

Brother GERVAIS was absent; we left ANTOINE to tell him what had happened.

LII.

The inhabitants of TIERCEMONT had intended to come and meet us a great way on the road; but the dispatch we made exceeded their expectation; we met them at the distance of half a mile only from the village.

They had put their best apparel on, and carried in their hands green boughs and flowers, such as the season afforded. As soon as they perceived us, the air resounded with the cries of *vive Monseigneur, vive Monsieur le Comte.* Then the report of guns, pistols, and fireworks, in short all the noise which a troop so numerous can make in the excess of joy. To this was soon added the ringing of bells. The horse was unharnessed, and the carriage rather carried away then drawn by the young men, while the women and girls covered it with green boughs, ribbons, and flowers.

The Count was so oppressed with feelings, that he could not articulate a word. He made the most expressive signs; and his eyes were filled with tears.

We no sooner stopped, than the *Curé* come forward at the head of the old men. We got out. The Count flew to embrace him, and throwing himself on his neck——

"Venerable man," said he, "in how noble and generous a manner, do you take revenge for my ill-usage!"——"My Lord," replied the good priest, "we have no other recollection but that of your goodness."

Again the air rung with the shouts of *Vive Monseigneur!*——"*Et notre venerable Pasteur,*" added the Count; and they repeated with enthusiasm, *Vive Monseigneur! vive notre venerable Pasteur!*

They had prepared a speech on the occasion; but the poor fellow who was to have been their spokesman, was so much moved, that he could only say the first words; the prompter was not less agitated; they were obliged to give it up.

Meanwhile, the old woman of the castle was coming as fast as her age would permit. On seeing the Count she tries to hasten her pace; but all at once she stops short as if petrified, her arms extended towards him,

her mouth wide open, her eyes fixed, tears starting in them, her breath stifled, in short in a state truly alarming. Fortunately it did not last, and the excess of joy which had nearly been fatal to her, vented itself in tears.

LIII.

When these first moments of delirium were over, and the Count could command himself so as to speak with some degree of composure, the tokens of his sensibility were followed by the most generous acknowledgements, the most feeling regrets. To these he would have added the greatest sacrifices; but the inhabitants far from giving consent, offered on the contrary, engagements which were not less extravagant. Each party insisted; and this contest of generosity might never have been settled, had I not stept in between.

I observed, conformably to my invariable principle of moderation, that this first moment of enthusiasm, was not the proper one to enter into any engagements, because enthu-

siasm generally leads to extremes, which reflection afterwards (often too late) condemns; that it were better to let some time elapse, and then refer it to the arbitration of their venerable *curé*, who was so justly entitled to the confidence of them all.

My advice was unanimously applauded.

Thus, in the times of the primitive church, when virtue ever accompanied the priestly character, those who with that sacred profession combined the experience of age, were at once the supports, the guides, and the judges of their flock.

LIV.

The time I was gone to fetch the Count had been employed in putting in order the habitable part of the castle for his reception; furniture had been brought in it, and it was well stocked with provisions. The Count's farmers hastened to pay their rents, even in advance. Some of his old domestics returned

to their service.....All this was done on the first day his of arrival, and on the next he was enabled to give the inhabitants a *fête*, of which cordiality bore the expence.

Brother GERVAIS was there. He even relaxed a little in his rule of sobriety ; and the ebullitions of his mirth were the more entertaining from the contrast of his hermit's dress, and from a manner still savouring of his former character.

LV.

Nothing was wanting to compleat the Count's happiness but to hear tidings of his daughter, and grand-child ; but as it was possible that she too had taken the precaution to conceal herself, and he was now at liberty to make his enquiries openly, he began to entertain fresh hopes. These received strength from the confidence which the late unforseen events had given him in the goodness of Providence.

LVI.

The rejoycings of TIERCEMONT did not make me lose sight of ANTOINE. On the very first day of my arrival I had written a second letter to the good inhabitants of MALPERTIUS. The Count being fully reinstated in his possessions and dignities, I was preparing to return to the hermitage and restore ANTOINE to his family. A letter from him prevented me. The pedlar whom I had entrusted with my first for MALPERTIUS had not kept the promise he made to deliver it, without saying a word of what passed in his presence; on the contrary, he told them the existence, the wounds, and the penitence of ANTOINE all in the same breath, which (as I had foreseen) proved too much for them; but fortunately the consequences were not fatal. At the time ANTOINE was writing to me, MATHIEU and TOINETTE had arrived at the hermitage with a little cart lined with matrasses, and he was to set off with them on the morrow.....His LOUISE was waiting for him. She loved him as much as ever! and

he!.....no sooner did he return to virtue, than love resumed her empire over his heart. I omit the letter, on account of its extreme length. MATHIEU and TOINETTE having joined the young man, they had between them written a little volume. One may easily judge how warm were the effusions of their joy and gratitude, what abundance of vows and prayers, and how much the expression of their feelings, was enlivened by the simplicity of their style. MATHIEU concluded with a trait of character.

"Thanks be to heaven," said he, "and to you, my dear M. PAMPHILE, peace and happiness are returned to my little cottage. Come yourself and see the good people you have made so happy, you will now find in it again the chearful glass, the merry song....."

When once we've reached the happy shore
Of dangers past we think no more,
But only to rejoice;
And grateful to the powers above,
Expressive of respect and love,
We join our hearts and voice.

LVII.

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

I had been accompanying brother GERVAIS on his way to his hermitage.....

We had scarce taken leave of one another when I observed a horse that seemed to have broke loose coming full gallop towards me. As he approached, I saw what I thought a bundle of a tolerable size stuck on the saddle. All at once the horse stops, the bundle loosens, falls to the ground.....

I was mistaken. It was a man; and that man was Captain BOSSTACQ, who as soon as he was on foot, ran to me with fury in his face, crying out, that he had caught him at last, *that odious rival, who had robbed him of the object of his affections; that his death alone could atone for the injury*.....

The first moment I gave to surprize, the

next to a loud burst of laughter, which raised the noble Captain's rage to such a degree that he drew out his sword, and was screaming to me, to defend myself, without noticeing (so beside himself was he) that I was unarmed. I laughed heartily, and bade him observe it——"You shall not escape me so," he cried, "I know how to provide for that."

He returns to his horse to take the pistols out of the saddle, but he was in such haste that one of them entangles in a strap; in endeavouring to disengage it, the lock is caught, a second attempt forces the trigger; the shot flies and takes off the horse's ear; the animal rears up and wants to get rid of the Captain, who on his part exerts all his strength to keep him in, but not having had time to seize the bridle as he wished, it slipt, I don't know n how, from his arm, where it had fell, around his body, whence it soon got under his shoulders. In this manner, on the first effort of the animal to get free, M. DE BOSSTACQ

was raised a few yards from the ground, to which his weight brought him back a little heavily. A second toss threw him up again, and thus at several intervals, now tossed in the air, now dragging in the dust, and all the while crying out most lustily.....

The report of the pistol, had brought back brother GERVAIS. I assisted him in raising up the poor Captain; he was so mauled, that he could not stand. The hermit bethought himself, to wrap him up in his wallet, and carry him thus on his shoulders. Nothing I think, could be more ludicrous, than the figure of this comical baboon in such a situation, especially when on his way through the village; the grimaces which pain extorted from him, were accompanied by other grimaces of wrath, to see himself a laughing stock to the inhabitants who did not spare him, but followed him with their hisses as far as the castle, where he was not better received by the servants. When he arrived in the Count's presence——"Colonel," said brother GER-

VAIS; " here's a wounded hero, that I have brought back to quarters." He then told the story of our meeting with the Captain, and the pleasant scene that ensued, with so much pleasantry !.....

Meanwhile, he was ordered to be taken care of; and, fortunately, none of his wounds were of any consequence.

LVIII.

As for his sudden appearance, it was explained to us by his servant, who arrived at the castle a little while after his master.

The citadel and the company BOSSTACQ, becoming daily more and more an object of ridicule, and the effects of such extravagance, being likely to produce mischief, it could no longer be tolerated. His very soldiers began also to grow tired of it; and what between desertions, and superior orders, Captain BOSSTACQ found himself under the necessity of relinquishing his command.

Vexed at such an affront, he had taken the resolution to travel from province to province with offers of service. He had just commenced this ramble, which had already cost him some severe repulses, when, on relieving the post of ****, he heard my name mentioned, relative to the events which had befallen the Count of TIERCEMONT. His jealousy was immediately awakened; and after getting what information he could, he had galloped away in full speed.....He little imagined when he began his career, that he should arrive passenger in a hermit's wallet.

His servant at the same time informed me of a circumstance that deeply afflicted me. At his departure from *****, he had left one of my relations, whom I loved with the tenderest attachment, dangerously ill. I set off immediately to visit him, and found him in a state that precluded every hope of recovery.

LIX.

As soon as old MATHIEU was returned to MALPERTIUS, and easy on the fate of ANTOINE, he thought of nothing more than to hasten to TIERCEMONT, to testify in person, the gratitude which he considered as a debt he owed me.

Meanwhile, the Count had found out the woman that attended his daughter on the day of his misfortunes. She arrived at the castle about the same time with MATHIEU, and her relation was as follows:

"The Count's daughter had taken a fancy to return on foot, accompanied only by this woman, who carried her child. When they arrived on the banks of the ****, she was at once struck with the sight of the castle in flames, and her father struggling in the waves, which soon overwhelmed him. At this horrid spectacle she flew to her child, but had scarce taken it in her arms, when she fainted away, and fell to the ground. Her attendant, after

having in vain tried every method she could think of to restore her to life, took the resolution to run to the next village for help. At her return, she found neither her mistress nor her child; the place where she had left them, was strewed over with rushes, and bore the marks of wheels, which at some distance were lost in the sand. Some baskets had also been found in the hedges.....

MATHIEU, being present at this narrative, he soon put it out of all doubt, that the unknown LADY and her child whom he had saved, were the daughter and grandson of the Count.

On reading the letter, in which he informed me of these particulars; what numberless sensations rushed to my heart! what a crowd of ideas entered into my mind!

The same hour that fulfilled all the wishes of my friend, put an end to the troubles of an unfortunate very dear to my heart, and I returned thanks to heaven with the greatest

fervor, but this *denouement* so happy for them, what griefs did it not prepare for me?

The Count had previously told me, that his daughter had married an officer of the navy, who embarked within a month after his marriage, and some time after perished in a storm with all his men. The LADY therefore was her own mistress. I could have no doubt on this head; but on how many other accounts had I not full reason to be uneasy?

Would the Count be sufficiently cured of his former prejudices not to oppose our union? And then the fear I had ever entertained, that I was deceiving myself on the nature of his daughter's sentiments towards me, and that to her gratitude alone, I was indebted for what I had conceived to be a return to the love with which she had inspired me.....This fear was always present to my thoughts, and prevented my giving way to the raptures of hope. ...If, at least, I had been at liberty to fly to MALPERTIUS after the Count! but the

dangerous state of my relation, who had no confidence but in my care, would not permit me. I was forced to content myself with writing, and what was still more painful, I thought myself bound to check every expression that could lead them to suspect an affection, which, perhaps, I might be condemned to bury in silence for ever.

LX.

Soon did I hear that my friend had nothing left to wish for, in the recovery of his daughter and grandchild.... My relation being by this time out of danger, I thought that there was a probability of my being able to repair to them in a short time; and as this moment drew near, my anxiety encreased; but yet, hope began to get the better of fear.....Alas! only to make me feel more severely the blow that was reserved for me.

The Count's son-in-law, who, for more than twenty months, was supposed to have perished, had been fortunate enough to escape

the wreck. They had heard from him, and he was expected to arrive shortly after. * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Great God! thou hast heard my prayers, and crowned with happiness that worthy family, whom thou didst prove with such severe trials; vouchsafe also, to grant the only petition that remains for me to make, and give me power to conquer an affection which can only render my future life miserable.

LXI.

[AN INTERVAL OF SEVERAL MONTHS.]

Heaven has heard my vows, in favor of the Count and his worthy family. They are happy, compleatly happy. His daughter in recovering the beings that are dear to her, has recovered her reason. "There only remains on her," (they write to me) "an habitual melancholy."..... Perhaps it is on my account..... But no, I ought rather to wish that she may feel no other sentiments for me, than what she may indulge.....

As for myself, I am far from that state of tranquility which I must attain before I can venture to see her again, and I ought at least to keep at a distance from her, as long as I have not gained a complete victory over myself.

Happiness also continues to take up her abode at MALPERTIUS.....Happiness is every where to be found, but in the heart of the too susceptible PAMPHILE.

FINIS.

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